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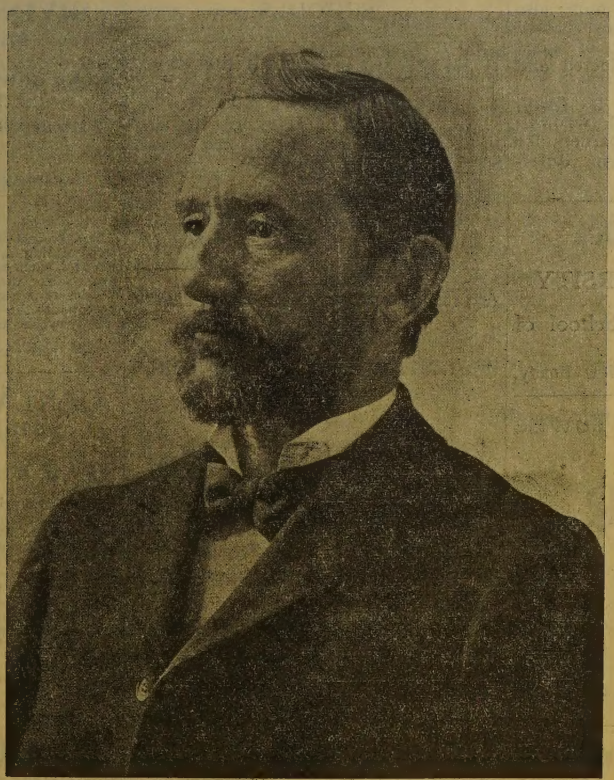

Rev. J. R. Knodell
Pastor at Santa Cruz.

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"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, 6 September, 1900

The Birth of the Golden State.

A whole half-century separates us from California's birthday; a momentous era, during which a new world has come into being. No equal number of years within human history has witnessed more impressively to the guiding hand of God in the affairs of men, none has developed forces more far-reaching and decisive as to human destiny.

For more than seven times fifty years California has been known by name to the world; for a century and a quarter, nearly, it has been a mission field of the Roman Catholic church. On its soil the two great streams of missionary enterprise—Roman and Greek—after centuries of separation from the banks of the Tiber and the shores of the Bosphorus, during which their agents had circumnavigated the globe, met face to face in Sonoma county.

Even down to sixty years ago, however, it was an almost unknown territory; padres and their Indian proteges, scattered hamlets (they were little more) up and down the coasts, great rancheros like Vallejo, Castro, and others, whose cattle roamed the plains—these, with a few traders made up its scanty population. Overspread with a pall of sleep, the country was sleeping. It was not only a foreign land, but to most it seemed a useless region. How this was may be judged from a single contemporaneous quotation: "What do we want with this vast and worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands, and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus, and prairie dogs?" These words and more of the same sort, uttered in the United States Senate, and endorsed by Webster, Clay, Calhoun and others, show how California appeared to the men of that day. Even after the fortunes of war brought it within the domain of the United States, the sleep remained almost unbroken.

But suddenly one day the slumbering maiden wakened. Her hand, aimlessly thrown out had grasped the yellow gold. The lethargy of centuries was thrown off. The dawn of a new day had begun. Efforts to conceal the discovery were futile. The news spread like wildfire. It quickened every sleeping hamlet into life. It flashed northward, and southward and eastward, into every city and hamlet of the Union. It crossed the ocean and kindled a flame of adventurous enthusiasm in every land. A migration of nations began; and in an incredibly short space of time every nation was represented on California soil. But Americans predominated, and American ideas ruled. Local governments were everywhere formed; a constitutional convention was assembled, the machinery of government provided, and representatives sent to the nation's capital, to tell the story and plead for statehood. On the ninth day of September, 1850, success crowned their efforts. California became one of the sisterhood; the only one ever yet admitted without passing through the territorial stage.

Anxious days those were, on this side the continent, while the struggle went on in Congress; and for the month or more after the action of the Senate, before their anxiety could be relieved. At length the 28th day of October dawned. From his station on Telegraph Hill the lookout descried a steamer entering the Golden Gate. Flags were flying; and from deck to masthead the ship was dressed in holiday attire. Signals were displayed, and she was recognized as the "Oregon" from Panama. From the lookout station news was quickly telegraphed to San Francisco. What did it mean? California a state? The cannon on the ship began to boom. One, two, three, its peals reverberated from the hills; four, five, six, up to thirty-one,

fast as men could load. That told the story. The state was born; number thirty-one of the United States. So men told each other, as they grasped hands and cried for very joy. Business? Who could think of business on such a day as that? It was a general holiday. Stores already opened were closed. Flags were flung to the breeze. Bells were rung, whistles blown. Men cheered, and shouted, and sung themselves hoarse; they rushed to the wharves. The whole city seemed to have gathered at the water front when the steamer came to its mooring and the passengers told the exciting story. It was a day of good tidings and the people could not hold their peace. Couriers were despatched in every direction, carrying the news throughout the country and to every remotest mining camp. Everywhere the message was greeted with the same exultant joy. The Golden State was born; its wonderful career of progress had begun. It is still the land of gold. Its mines are relatively less important, but the crown has been shifted to its grain fields, orchards and vineyards.

A Chapter of Divine Providence.

In more senses than one California deserves its title, "The Golden State." It was the first among the sisterhood to be settled under the banner of the golden fleece. Gold was the magnet drawing the people hither at first; gold mining never ceased to be prominent among the industries of the state. But the manner in which this feature has been impressed upon our comonwealth, the steps in its history, display God's wondrous plan as clearly as ever did his leading of the Israelites along their way. Of that story we can uncover but a single chapter.

For centuries after the country was known to the rest of the world, it remained an uncultivated, almost unpeopled, waste. The gold was all here, of course, before ever a white man's foot trod its soil. And the Indians were here, in proprietary possession. But they were not the stuff of which to make a commonwealth of freemen. Neither were the Spanish adventurers, who stood ready to rush in, to dispossess them of land and reduce them to a ruin like that of the ancient Peruvians. Neither of them were fit to be entrusted with the building of an empire, destined, in God's idea, to carry commerce and civilization to the lands of the rising sun. So the treasures remained hidden. But population began to drift in from Mexico and other southern countries, in the wake of its religious occupation by Franciscan friars. There was work for them to do preparatory to the great immigrant movement, and they did it. But neither were these fitted, either by temperament or training, for the great mission God had in view. So through the Mexican, as through the Indian occupation, the gold remained undiscovered; but vast herds of cattle ranged the country, and the beginnings of agriculture and fruit-growing went forward. With its accession to the United States the conditions of the territory were changed. Here was a people, born and bred under conditions of advanced Christian civilization; to whom liberty was a watchword and freedom a passion; a people trained up to self-control and democratic government; fitted thus to be the dominating force among the heterogeneous throngs who were to form the nucleus of the coming Christian state. The hour had come; the prepared people was at hand; the provisions for subsisting them were upon the ground; then the decree went forth. Just at the right time; not one moment too soon nor an instant too late, the hidden treasures were disclosed and a strong and virile stream of humanity began to pour into these wastes. The moment was auspicious as regarded the entire United States, as well as for California. The nation had grown so largely that a new field of conquest was needed for its young and adventurous spirit . It had not, however, outgrown its earlier traditions. Puritan ideals were still the dominant social force, which from that time on have been steadily declining. Had the settlement of California been deferred until the inrushing throngs from Europe and Asia had changed the national type, or had the project of those who raised the Bear flag in Sonoma, and dreamed of an independent republic, been realized, the history of the state and its present condition might have been very different. It was, we can see, just in the very nick of time, that the veil was lifted and the golden streams,

long hidden beneath the sod, were brought to light. Evidently God set great store by California, and by the good old stock already used in laying the foundations of liberty on New England's rock-bound coast, that he should thus have brought them together again upon this Western shore. Only the tried and true was good enough to plant here the seeds of an advanced Christian civilization. He sifted this country as before he had sifted European nations. He who so carefully selects his workmen, he waited until their title to the country was secure, and then disclosed its wealth.

What he did in the beginning, moreover, he has, for substance, continually repeated during succeeding years. The history of the closing century reads like a leaf out of Old Testament history. The same wonder-working Providence has been visible at every step; the same bringing together of the predestined end and the chosen people, at the opportune time; the same opening out and up of the world before those whom he has trained for ministry in it. There is no other consistent grouping of the varied developments of these past years than that which views them as the outworking of a divine, beneficent plan. And so our people stand to-day, surrounded by the visible tokens of prosperity, holding in their hands the implements of every craft and at their beck the garnered wisdom of the ages. The little one has become a thousand; its roaming gold-hunters have given place to a million and three quarters of those who call California home; San Francisco, in 1850 the shelter for a few paltry thousands, now ranks eighth among the large cities of the Union, and in commercial importance is hardly outranked by any. Through its Golden Gate yearly increasing shipping comes and goes. The world's greatest future highway of commerce lies before it. Steamship lines already conect it with the great centers of trade, and others are in contemplation, some even now under way. The number of steamships sailing from the single port of San Francisco will soon be a hundred and a quarter, all deep sea craft, registering three thousand tons or more. To these must be added the government transports, already numerous and to be indefinitely increased. Face to face with the great coming markets of the world, California seems foreordained to become their distributing center and depot of supplies. Not only our own people, but other nations, are already making use of our facilities for trade. Germany is purchasing army horses and supplies and shipping them from our ports; England, too. And what this many mean in population, commercial activity and general growth, imagination hardly dares to forecast. Such a prospect lies before us, even taking no account of our growing domestic trade. Nor is the outlook less impressive in other than business aspects. Out over the waste of waters—the waste no longer—the isles are waiting for God's law, and the awakening Orient, like another man of Macedonia, is calling for our help. We are their nearest neighbors, and for good or ill are more closely identified with them than any other people. For this the providence of God has been steadily preparing the states which border on the Pacific. And it is a thrilling thought, that this western coast has thus been developing under the watchful eye and guardian care of One whose plans take into their vast sweep the centuries of time ,and the most distant peoples of the earth; that all, too, is so carefully wrought out that each most insignificant event falls into place and ministers to the evolving purpose. Truly "He hath not dealt so with any nation, and as for his judgments, they have not known them." Not even Israel of old nor those by whom the foundations of our republic were laid are more deserving the title, "a chosen people," than are the citizens of this western coast, and of the Golden State.

The Golden Rule for the Golden State.

Here are two authoriattive expressions of the Golden Rule, both from the lips of the great Lawgiver: First, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself." Second, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." In both of these forms, it rests as a special obligation upon California. In it we have the law which ought to govern both individual and public life, business, social relations, civil government, everything which is embraced within the circle of human interests. And the peculiar strength

of the claim as regards California grows out of its wonderful experience of God's gracious providence, past and present, of his confidence in her, as manifested in her assignment to the post of honor, in the regeneration of the lands beyond the sea, and of the shameful disaster, which must overtake her and them if the chosen people prove recreant to their trust. Never in the history of the world has a weightier responsibility rested upon a community than now upon the comonwealths of the Pacific, preeminently upon California. Here is the meeting place of the nations, the central point of departure for the multitudes, who have already begun to seek those shores and disperse themselves over those lands—merchants, teachers, missionaries, travelers and residents; here, too, the incoming stream of trade and travel first touches the soil of the land consecrated to human brotherhood. Many will receive here their first, perhaps their most lasting, impressions of Christianity as a practical religious force, and of democracy as a form of civil society. Upon sights and experiences in our cities and country places the future of the Orient not inconsiderably depends. By the spirit which animates their business—its honor, its kindliness, its generosity, or their opposites—our merchants can do much to make or mar the plans of God for our nation, for the millions of China for humanity and for the kingdom of God.

Our educational institutions also enter as factors into the problem, crowned as they are by our great universities which have come into being, we may think, for just such a time as this. In these we meet the flower of Oriental youth, instruct and train them in the lore and methods of Western civilization, which they, in turn, may carry with them on their return for enlightenment and inspiration. A necessity is laid upon us. We must serve as pedagogues to these peoples. The stars in their courses are moving toward this issue. The resistless force of manifest destiny is urging us onward.

It cannot be evaded. The responsibility is ours; the only freedom possible, that of acceptance or rejection; but these, inevitably, carry with them predetermined consequences. Here, in our comunities, moreover, are now growing up those who will bear a leading part in reforming the institutions, and molding the life in our island colonies, and in the populous main land beyond. Proportionally, more missionaries, traders, and craftsmen, more scholars, instructors in science, legislators and administrators, will doubtless go out from our homes, schools, colleges and universities, to cast in their lot among our new neighbors than from any other region of the country. California is predestined to be a controlling agency in the making of the twentieth century Orient. A crisis in her history has been reached. Hers is a commanding position ,girt about with tremendous obligations and calling her up to heights of manhood as yet unattained.

Not in her corporate capacity alone. Every obligation is ultimately personal. Every duty involves individual conduct. California owes service to the world; but all its citizens also owe service to California. And the measure of their loyalty to her will also measure her ability to meet her corporate responsibilities.

This semi-centennial celebration, therefore, presses upon every one, first of all, the obligation to personal purity. Californians, if true to their State, must excell in goodness. Noblesse oblige must be their motto; or, in other words, "Whatsoever things are true, lovely, or of good report." They cannot possibly fulfill their mission otherwise. No impure man—unclean in thought, libidinous in life, or dishonest in business, can be a good citizen. His judgment is not to be depended on. He may be on the right side in politics, but just as likely he may be wrong, or even worse, may bring a good cause into disrepute. The curse which overhangs our State to-day is the prevalence of selfish scheming and moral turpitude among public men, not antagonistic political principles. You may trust a good man even with erroneous opinions; he will not go far astray; but a bad man is a dangerous man wherever you find him and whatever his soundness on the questions at issue. It takes a clean heart to ensure a clean eye.

But the state calls upon her native sons, and all others, too, for public spirit as well as private virtue. In the truest sense, indeed, these two are inseparable. Yet they are so often apparently dissociated that their union needs to be emphasized. It ought not to be a fact,

thought it sometimes is, that a man, personally blameless, is lukewarm in his attachment to the state, indifferent to its good name, negligent of his duty as a voter, or conspicuous by his absence from the gatherings where matters of public interest are handled, or simply critical of criminal outrages, which do not touch his personal comfort or possessions. He need not be oblivious of the the faults of his state or his town, but he has even less right to be blind to their excellencies or fail to bear open and hearty testimony to these. Nothing is gained, it is true, by lying for them and unduly extolling their advantages; but even less by lying against them, in a contemptuous or cynical undervaluation. Very many of California's sons to-day would do well to imitate the large and gracious patriotism of the apostle Paul, and the self-respecting dignity with which he at all times asserted his kinship—"a Jew, of Tarsus, of Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city." To be an American is better than to be a Jew; San Francisco, with all its faults, is a better city than Tarsus! and California is a thousand times Cilicia's superior. It is no credit to any one to refuse to acknowledge this, or to glory in it.

But all the more it is obligatory upon every citizen, both male and female, to cherish a divine discontent with its present, and to labor unceasingly, in genrous co-operation with every other person of public spirit, in every our states, up to a righteous ness(ffudifieo,,j our states, up to a higher level of personal, commercial, and civic righteousness. It would indeed be a most hopeful augury if one feature of California's jubilee should be the resolution to dare more and do more along this line; if the festivities of the Native Sons should be directed and colored by this lofty Christian purpose.

Notes.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the First Congregational church, Berkeley, welcomed the new university students last week in a reception at which over one hundred of those specially invited were present. Not the least of the good work which the churches in the college town are doing is in these social ways. And no more hopeful field could any lover of humanity wish for than is found in those 2,300 students, who form the Berkeley contingent of the University's 3,000. Every such kindly Christian courtesy as this of the First church brightens the prospect for California amazingly

Information reaches us through a Seattle friend that the Congregational people at Port Townsend, Washington, wish to reconsider their action for the abandonment of the church work at that place. They have been told by the brethren whom they have consulted that they can do so, inasmuch as the letters that were voted have not been taken. The church at Port Townsend has had a hard struggle, and it is not surprising that the members there during the last half-dozen years have been at times greatly discouraged. But the work should not be abandoned. We have good church property there, with only a small indebtedness. And after a few years there will be ample room for a Congregational church in Port Townsend. When the church was organized there in 1889 it was at the suggestion of D. L. Moody.

The people who complain so vigorously about the intrusion of missionaries into regions where they are not wanted, may possibly find a field of criticism nearer home. Rev. B. F. Mills, in a lecture last Sunday evening, denounced the French restaurants of San Francisco as agents in the demoralization of the city. They form, he asserted, a deadly peril, and a menace to good order, virtue and general walfare, to be sternly rebuked, and put out of the way. And now come forward some of those with whose business Mr. Mills was interfering, quite in the style of apologists for the Chinese outbreak: "Ministers have no calling to interfere with the private business of others," says the proprietor of the Poodle Dog. "Let Mr. Mills preach about God to those who go to hear him and God will reward him. I say to Mr. Mills that if any man take care of his own buisness his hands will be full." A fellow-restauranteur unburdened himself as follows, "Why do these ministers meddle in affairs outside their calling? Mr. Mills is too full of the missionary spirit. For myself, well, I guess the Boxers have their side of the story if only they could tell it." All this sounds marvelously like the outcry of Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen, whose craft Paul endangered by his 'street preaching." A persistent fellow he must indeed have seemed. In quite similar spirit did the Jewish elders rail against the apostles; and Peter's defence of himself may very well serve as a reply to the French restauranteurs in San Francisco and to the critics of general missionary operations. "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and

heard." We rather opine that Mr. Mills is in the strict line of his legitimate work.

The Rev. Theodore F. Burnham writes in the Interior of Chicago concerning the problem of religion and higher education on the Pacific Coast. He says concerning our great universities: "The writer is not in any hostile attitude towards either of these institutions, but he can not be oblivious to certain facts and conditions. He takes his place at Stanford as a preacher along with Jewish rabbis, Theosophists, Buddhists and others, of as varied a hue in religion as were the segments of the garment once worn by the famous son of a noted Jewish patriarch. Stanford purposely refrains from any religious position other than that decreed in its charter, by the pen of its founder, who made these conditions: That it should never be sectarian, but stand for "a belief in the Supreme Being"; "a belief in immortality"; "a belief in the Moral Law for the guidance of life." Stanford is not an opponent of Christianity, many of her faculty are devout men, but we all know that in her halls Christianity appears as one of many, and all voices are suffered to appeal to youths as yet to immature to be competent judges of all the theologies of the universe. At Berkeley, of course, there is an exclusion of all sectarian teaching, and Christianity is here regarded only as a sect. The money of Buddhists, Jews and skeptics is taken by the State to carry on the work, and it is felt that any other course would be unfair. However, the religious atmosphere at Berkeley is quite wholesome in many ways. It is true that no chapel bell calls students to prayer, but Stiles Hall, the gift of a noble Christian lady, enables the Young People's Christian Associations to carry on a good work, which is reinforced by tne fact that our churches here are manned by some of the strongest preachers on the Coast." Mr. Burnham expresses the belief that somewhere some steward of the Lord will be found who will make possible the founding of a "Westminster Hall" at the seat of the universities, where Presbyterian students can have a congenial home and where instruction can be given on religious subjects. This is in line with what Congregationalists have had in mind, and toward which both Congregationalists and Presbyterians have lately been hoping there would ere long be a more rapid movement. Only by some such establishment can the students in our universities have the needed spiritual culture. Perhaps we have right here the men who will begin ere long to use their accumulations somewhat as Dr. Pearsons of Chicago has been using his for some years. No better channel could be found for such use than that herein mentioned.

At Santa Cruz.

We have pleasure in presenting this week on the cover page of The Pacific a picture of Rev. J. R. Knodell, the new pastor at Santa Cruz—well known in California as an able preacher and successful pastor, and as one having large part in the good work done by the Anti-Saloon League during the last year and a half.

We learn from Santa Cruz friends that the opening Sunday of this new pastorate was one that will long be remembered. A letter had been sent out by the pastor asking and urging attendance on the part of all the members who could possibly attend. There was a large and hearty response, and the spacious auditorium was filled both morning and evening. The morning sermon was from the text, "For there is yet much land to be possessed." All the past was honored, and then the future was so held up before the church as to inspire its membership to that consecration and endeavor which would result in their moving forward for the possession of that which God has promised that his consecrated servants shall possess.

At the Sunday-school 222 persons were present, and at the Christian Endeavor service 80. An offering of $18 was taken at the C. E. meeting for the A. B. C. F. M. work; and at a Sunday-school concert in the evening there was an offering of $20 for the work of the C. S. S. &. P. S. The church now has a membership of 463, about 70 being non-residents. It was organized in 1857, and has had prior to this one, pastors as follows: Revs. J. S. Zelie, W. C. Bartlett, Walter Frear, S. H. Willey, M. Wlilett, J. A. Cruzan and J. B. Orr.

It was with great reluctance that the church parted with the Rev. J. B. Orr, who resigned a few months ago to enter evangelistic work. During his pastorate of two years 128 were added to the membership, 95 on confession of faith.

Rising above the disappointment consequent on the resignation of Mr. Orr, a unanimous call was given to Mr. Knodell, and again the Santa Cruz church stands ready for aggressive work in the Master's kingdom.

About three years ago The Pacific presented a cut of the handsome building which was erected during the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Willett at a cost of $26,000, including the lot. With one of the best adapted buildings in the state, with a resident membership of 400 persons, among them a large number of consecrated young people, with one of the ablest and most devoted preachers of the gospel on the coast, we shall confidently expect to hear good things from time to time from the church at Santa Cruz.

Blue Monday Papers.

By W. H. G. Temple.

The Preacher and Politics.

Can a preacher of the gospel consistently deal with political themes, so-called—that is, politics—in the pulpit? The answer will depend largely on the meanings of the two words "gospel" and "politics," and on the manhood of the preacher.

If the gospel means merely the preaching of the good news of salvation to sinners, without any regard to the building up and the buttressing of Christian character, as it manifests itself in daily life, then we must answer, No. But is that a correct interpretation of gospel preaching? Important as that work is, does any wise pastor think of stopping there? Peter was instructed by his Lord to both feed and shepherd the flock. It is undoubtedly the minister's business to bring the message of God to sinners' hearts and to persuade them to be reconciled to the Divine Will; but it is as truly his business to set them to work in the kingdom and to watch over them all the way through. An eminent preacher once said: "It is my duty to get you into the church; if you haven't got enough sense to stay there, I can't help it." I was not surprised to learn afterward that the membership of that church was of an exceedingly uncertain character. The great preacher was so desirous of getting people saved that he forgot that he had any subsequent duty with regard to them. They were left to take care of themselves. So unreliable was the membership roll—consisting of several thousand names—that when I asked a leading official where all the members were, he replied: "Quite a number of them are in this church; some are scattered all over this country; some are in heaven; and probably some are in the other place." The records had not been carefully kept. The immense numerical membership meant nothing.

Now, just as it is a minister's place to tend his flock, so it is his place, both in his pulpit and pastoral office, to minister to his members in all the relationships of their life. He should be interested in their good citizenship, their upright business character, their domestic virtues, and their social tendencies, just as much as in their personal salvation. He is as duty-bound to pursuade them to attend their party primaries, and vote for good clean men to represent them in the conventions, as he is to make clear to them the meaning of repentance and faith. In fact, I doubt very much the significance of repentance and faith in a man who will at an election sacrifice his Christian manhood under the stinging blows of the party whip. The gospel is the widest conception on earth. It takes in all the relations of time and all the trend of eternity. From this standpoint, then, the preacher has a perfect right to discuss political themes.

How about the meaning of the word "politics"? If it is to be interpreted by professional politicians only, if it is a mere interest in the operation of the political machine for the natural product, namely, personal profit, then again the preacher had better be silent. But are we satisfied with that interpretation? Whatever the ward caucuses may think, the world conception of politics is that it is the science of government in theory and the art of governing in practice; and that art extends back to the initial act in the process. I have yet to learn that the ordination of a young man to the gospel ministry forfeits his right of citizenship, or dulls the edge of his patriotism. If to be a minister is to be any less than a man, then let us give up the ministry. But this is not true. The manliest thing in all the world is to preach God's truth as applied to a whole man. No election day ought ever to come around without some red-hot words from the pulpit on the high duty of citizenship and the sacred right of the ballot. It is more the duty of the minister to go to his party primary and vote than it is the duty of any of his congregation. He should be his people's leader in this, as in all other good works. Generally his party preferences should be passed over in the pulpit. Privately he has as much right to ally himself with the party of his choice as any other man. But there do come times when one leading party is evidently on the side of right, and the opposing party as evidently on the side of wrong—then there can be no choice as to the preacher's duty. Such a time came at the breaking out of the Civil war. The ethics of politics must always occupy a higher place than the party issues. The moral side of the temperance question has so impressed many preachers, that they have been willing to sacrifice everything for political prohibition. The moral side of the currency and the expansion questions has as powerfully impressed others—so that they could not keep silent. Since writing this last sentence, I am in receipt of a letter from a minister of some note in London, England, in which he refers to the intensity of the military spirit, and to the heroism necessary for men to speak out their conscientious convictions against the South African war. Says he, "In a neighboring suburb to mine, a Congregational minister has (for thus speaking) been driven from a pastorate which he has held for twenty-five years. In the same neighborhood, a few months ago, three or four ministers of various churches had their windows broken, because they signed a memorial simply urging Lord Salisbury to make a definite statement of the policy the government intended to pursue in the settlement of South

Africa. All over the country not only have peace meetings been broken up, but people have been assaulted and have had their houses mobbed for no other offense than expressing unpopular views, or omitting to put out a Union Jack. Sir Wilfred Lawson said the other day that the House of Commons is the only place left to freedom of speech." My correspondent has himself felt obliged to seek this country as his future home, because of persecution following his own manly utterances on the same subject. The English blood in me boils at the injustice. I may or may not agree with his view of the matter of the South African war—I think I do not—but I say it is a shame when any man, minister or layman, is debarred from airing his conscientious convictions on such a theme affecting the public weal, at such a time as this, either in his pulpit or out of it. But such cases are exceptions. Generally the pulpit definition of politics precludes anything like partisanship.

The third element that enters into the discussion of my subject concerns the manhood of the preacher. I suppose that, physically, mentally and temperamentally, preachers are made very much like other people. They are lightweight and heavyweight, vivacious and taciturn, hot blooded and cold blooded, impetuous and conservative, foolish and wise. Some of them ought never to have been ministers at all. Narrow men, fussy and finical men, unbalanced men, men who go off at half cock like a defective gun, vindictive men, men who pursue their enemy to the death—all of these are by nature unfitted for the responsible calling of the ministry. But many such have somehow got in, and are a continual trial to their churchs, their denominations, and ofttimes to themselves. To such universal advice would say: "Stick to the tenderest gospel themes. To venture outside their consideartion will be to go into temptation and court disgrace." There are really good men who can be tempted in everything but speech. They do not know the taste of any existing intoxicant, but they get half-seas-over the moment they deal with public questions. They are no more capable of conducting a pulpit campaign for civic righteousness, than some men, because of their impulsiveness, are capable of driving a locomotive. Such men invariably make a mistake when they tamper with politics in the pulpit. With the vicious element in the community ready to pounce upon him at every step, and with his church divided in sentiment on the party questions of the day, the preacher of the gospel has to be guided in his course by two very reliable monitors—caution and conscience. He must not be intimidated by the threats and sneers of wily politicians on the other side, nor must he accept the flattering of those whose personal or party interest lies in supporting his views. When he speaks, it must be as the servant of God for the good of the community or nation. One thing he can be sure of, if he be wise in his course: They who oppose him will be far more anxious about their politics than about their religion. There is no man on earth so anxious for the preacher "to stick to his legitimate business of saving souls," than the professional politician whose tactics he is denouncing. That sort of comment is always a compliment.

To sum up, then: With a broad gospel, a large idea of citizenship, and a manly man behind them, there will never be any danger in a preacher finding himself out of place in discussing political themes in his pulpit.

Oberammagau and the Passion Play in 1900

By Susan Merrill Farnam

Oberammagau, famous the world over on account of the Passion Play, which is given there once in ten years, is a small village, nestled at the foot of the Bavarian Alps, at an altitude of two thousand seven hundred feet above the sea level, and surrounded on three sides by the peaks of the Highlands, one of which, the "Kolf," towers almost perpendicularly one thousand feet behind and above it. A living stream of clear, cold, mountain water flows through the town; the streets are crooked and cross and recross the little stream continually. The streets are not named, but the houses are designated by numbers. The Parish church, the only one in the village, was built in 1736, on the site of an older one, and is kept in excellent repair. The houses are of stone, whitewashed, and often with paintings of Biblical scenes upon the outside. They resemble externally the comfortable New England farm-house of one hundred years ago. They have this peculiarity that the stable, or barn, is under the same roof with the living apartments. For instance, in the large roomy house, which we visited, of Anton Lang, who took the part of Christus this year, we had but to step across the hall from the ample living room, and we were in a clean-looking stable, where six fat, sleek cows were quietly chewing the sweet-smelling hay. The town has only about fourteen hundred inhabitants, and when, at the time of the Play, from four to six thousand strangers enter the place in one day, one can well imagine that the capacity for entertaining is taxed to the utmost.

This is a religious community, as the little shrines by the wayside testify, and the passer-by, of whatever age or rank or occupation, pauses long enough to cross himself and breathe a prayer. What reminder has the business man of our country in the whirl and ex-

citement of every-day life, thus to remind him of heavenly things?.

There are some "first things" at Oberammagau in this year 1900. One is the completion of a railway into the town, so that travelers can avoid the stage ride from Murnau and can go directly from Munich to Oberammagau without change. Another is the housing of the audience in a covered building. Heretofore, the audience, as well as the stage, has been in the open air, but last year the Oberammagauans, at a large expense, erected an audience room that will seat four thousand persons. The stage is still in the open air and the fine background of mountain and sky adds greatly to its effectiveness. Another thing almost entirely new this year is the costuming—an expense of 20,000 marks has been incurred since 1890 in furnishing new costumes, in addition to what was already there. The principal characters wear costly garments of wool, silk and real gold embroidery. Jesus and the Roman soldiers appear in the costumes in which artists of all ages have depicted them. Warriors appear in shining armor. Herod is resplendent in scarlet and gold; the High Priest in brilliant yellow, with heavy embroidery, and so on, down to beadles and executioners, all are costumed with accuracy. The color scheme of the play is faultless. The soft blues and grays, and lavenders and greens, with the white and gold, blend in perfect harmony, accented now and then by a touch of brilliant scarlet or bright yellow.

An early prejudice, shared doubtless by many, that any attempt to personate the Christ must necessarily be sacrilegious, was largely dissipated before viewing the Play, and after seeing it, wholly disappeared. This sentiment still holds good, however, with regard to any ordinary stage, but with these people to whom the play is entirely a religious performance, the fulfillment of a vow made years ago, when the plague visited and devastated their little town, it is quite a different matter. The Oberammagauans are their own best critics. This play has been performed there at regular intervals for over two hundred and fifty years. Their parents and grandparents have enacted it before them. From childhood they have heard it discussed and criticised. The choice of actors is determined by a committee of nineteen, appointed for the purpose, and the day when the decision of the committee is made known is a very important one, and unless these people are more fully sanctified than the rest of mankind, there are many disappointed ones and some bitter feelings are engendered. Should any one prove inefficient in his or her part, no one would perceive it sooner than the native Oberammagauan.

The music of the Play was written by Rochus Dedler, the son of an inn-keeper at Oberammagau, who early exhibited great talent for music, and who wrote a large number of masses and vespers, as well as other music, budt who died prematurely in his early manhood in 1822. His memory is revered by his townsmen, who have erected a monument to perpetuate it in their little churchyard, and his music is still preferred above all others.

Each act of the play is preceded by a prologue and chorus, during which two tableaux representing old Testament scenes are placed upon the stage. These tableaux have some reference to the act which follows, and it is astonishing with what rapidity they are arranged and changed. Sometimes the whole stage is covered with figures, and the quiet nerve power of the actors is remarkable. If the figures were cast in bronze they could scarcely be more immovable. The man who takes the part of Christus this year, for the first time, his predecessor having passed the age limit, is in personal appearance astonishingly like the pictures we see of Christ in many old paintings. The Mary of this year is also a new actor and if any criticism is allowable, it is that she did not exhibit the tenderness and grief expected. However, it is possible that dignity, rather than emotion, is natural to this people, and also some allowance must be made for her on the occasion on which the writer saw it, for her father had died the day previous and his body lay unburied in her house.

On the morning of the day the Play is given, service is going on in the church long before daybreak, and by six o'clock the house is crowded to the doors. The performers, of whom there are more than seven hundred, repair early to the theater, and before the curtain rises they gather round their pastor, and together repeat the Lord's prayer. The Play begins precisely at eight o'clock, the signal being given by a cannon shot, and each one of the four thousand who holds a ticket must be in his seat, or be the cause of great annoyance to the whole audience. There are few tardy ones. The Play goes on all day until 5:30 in the afternoon, with an intermission of an hour and a half at noon. There are seventeen acts, each one preceded by a chorus of thirty-five voices. The Play opens with Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and ends with the hallelujahs that followed his ascension. Every incident narrated in Scripture concerning our Savior's last week on earth is portrayed, the Scripture narrative being followed very closely, with almost no tradition of the church interpolated, that of St. Veronica alone excepted. One realizes, perhaps as never before, the murderous hate of the rulers, and the difficulties they encountered in getting their prisoner condemned; taking him first to Annas, then to Caiphas, then to Pilate, then to Herod and back again to Pilate. Again, in the struggle of Judas with

temptation one sees a symbol of the hour that comes upon all men to try them. With him it was the glitter of the gold that decided the question, as it has been with many another since. This part is remarkably well taken by Johann Swink ;and when at last he realizes what he has done, and that the Master is really to be put to death, and he reaches the point where he casts from him the money which has been his ruin, and vainly gives up even his own life, one cannot but feel that there was still lingering with him a love for the Master which was greater than is generally supposed.

The stage presence of the actors is fine, and one realizes that they feel what they act. There are many touching scenes in the Play—one where Christ bids adieu to his mother; another where from the cross he commends her to the care of John; another where, after the bodies of the two thieves have been removed, and the rabble has left, the bereaved disciples and the friends of Jesus gather round the cross and gently take down the lifeless body and wrap it in clean linen. The day was showery, and the weather often brightened the stage effect. For instance, when at the feast at the house of Simon, Mary came in to anoint the Savior's feet, as she walked across the stage and knelt at his feet, a burst of sunshine broke through the clouds and rested on the two, the rest of the stage being in shadow, and so lighted up the folds of their delicate-colored robes that they looked as if they had fallen out of some old picture. Again, when Judas was writhing in the agony of black despair, and wildly striding the stage, a shower of wind and rain came on, the wind blowing his long black hair in streams away from his bare head and sending the folds of his robe flying in the gale, so that he looked the personification of agony.

The "Last Supper" was a living picture, with the washing of the disciples feet added. If the mutilated Leonardo da Vinci, on the walls of the refectory of the old monastery at Milan had been restored, cut out, and placed on the stage, it could not have been more perfect.

The scene in Gethsemane is an impressive one. One realizes something of the awful "aloneness" of Christ, with the agony resting upon him, and his human friends asleep—not one soul to watch or sympathize with him. And when the tension becomes so great that even the Christ seems not able to endure much longer and the angel appears to strengthen him, it is a relief even to the audience. The calmness of the Christ from that moment onward is divine. There is to all visible purpose a crucifixion. One hears the sounds of the hammer behind the curtain, and when the curtain rises, the bodies of the two thieves are already in place, but the third cross lies on the ground with the body nailed upon it and the hole in the earth prepared for it, and it is raised and placed in position before the eyes of the audience. This scene lasts about twenty minutes and the extent to which it taxes the nerves and muscles of the crucified may be judged from the fact that at the close of the performance, which occurs soon after, the efforts of a masseur for one or two hours are required to restore them to their normal condition. The attention of the audience is riveted to the very close. They are entirely *en rapport* with the stage. One naturally asks, From whence comes this wide-spread interest in the Passion Play, and why do crowds from all parts of the world flock here from May to October to witness it? The number of visitors in 1890 was estimated at 200,000 and this year, for various reasons, will doubtless reach high-water mark. Is it a fashion or fad? Is it a desire to see something new, or is it a religious sentiment that brings them hither? Possibly it is a combination of all. To the devout Catholic it is always a religious ceremony. To the no less devout Protestant it is a representation of the highest order the world affords. To the giddy and thoughtless it is an impressive, moral, object lesson. One young lady, of none too amiable proclivities, after witnessing it, remarked, "I feel as if I never would say an unkind word again to any one." It is the "old, old story" of the power of the cross of Christ brought home to the heart; and if by its portrayal it reaches the human heart through the eyes rather than by word of mouth, who is there among Christians that shall say it nay?

Paris, July 26th.

Life Among the Indians.

By Max.

I spent nearly a year on the large Indian reservation in North Dakota. There were three tribes—Gros Ventre, pronounced Gros Von, Mandans and Arickarees—the last are called Rees. Many things could be better done for the Indians. I more fully appreciate now the vastness of the Indian question. At first, the Government tried to settle this question by giving the Indians land, telling them they could hunt and fish on it, as they did when the entire continent belonged to them. As the white man killed their game and their fish disappeared, the question of sustenance presented itself to the Government. Missionaries went to the reservations, schools were established, the Government started agencies to promote civilization. The agents distributed rations. Ration day occurred once in two weeks on Saturday. On ration night the Indians danced and feasted till nearly all the food was eaten. Then they returned to their villages situated in different parts of the reservation. The Government has learned that giving Indians ra-

tions only makes them more helpless and less ambitious. To the Sioux has been given cows, and many implements for the farm. The Sioux are more advanced in civilization than any of the other tribes. While on this reservation I became acquainted with four young men who had graduated from Hampton, Carlisle and Santee. One was a Ree. After studying at the mission school he went to Santee. He was a nice-looking, intelligent, young man, the only one of the four who was a Christian. While at Santee he learned the carpenter's trade. After his return to the reservation, what was there for him to do? Nothing.

You will at once say, "Teach the others to build better homes." This was not possible. There was no lumber on the reservation; no mills to make it. The Indians had no money to buy building materials. His trade was useless to him. All the books, papers, or magazines were owned either by the teachers or the Government officers. These were very limited as to number. Another of the young men was the son of one of the chiefs, and had graduated at Hampton. The first time I saw him he was dressed in the Hampton uniform, seated on the bed, smoking a cigarette and playing on a mandolin. The house was a dirty hovel. The floor was mud. His mother, a forlorn old Indian woman, was waiting on him. His education but made more glaring the wretchedness of his life. He was not able to lift his family up; they pulled him down. The last was a Carlisle boy. This one had learned to make shoes. He told me of his room at school. It was heated by steam, lace curtains hung at the windows, a nice brussels carpet covered his floor. He returned to a hovel and a mud floor. There was but little opportunity for him to work at his trade. The majority of the Indians wore moccasins. Those who wore shoes had them given to them by the Government. These three young men were very fond of music. They sang nicely and played well on several different instruments. The Indians are intensely fond of music. Can you imagine the utter dreariness and loneliness of their lives, shut away from all advantages of education and pleasure? Their education made them discontented with their surroundings. Yet this discontent could in no way help them better their condition. The only way the Government can justly treat the Indians is either to establish all kinds of trades and occupations, colleges, libraries—in short, everything which the outside world possesses, or break down the boundaries of the reservation as fast as it can, and let the Indian take his place beside the white man as a citizen of the Republic. Let him place his work, his brains, in the market of the world, and see what he can do. From what I know of the Indian he will surprise his white brother with his ability.

Making It Right.

By Kate K. Church.

"Good morning, Wong, the washing is quite large this week, and I'll pay you extra," said Mrs. Ryder, as the pleasant-faced Chinaman came to her kitchen door.

"All light, Miss Lyder, good-by!" and throwing the bag of clothes over his shoulder, he walked away with his strange gait and his block shoes. For many years he had been the washman in the Ryder family, always doing the work conscientiously, and Mrs. Ryder often spoke of his many good qualities.

Months before he had made a stipulated sum of sixty cents per week, saying, "Sometimes big, sometimes little; allee samee, sixty cent," which arrangement had been most satisfactory, but on this particular week Mrs. Ryder had felt that she was rather magnanimous in offering extra pay. Saturday morning, when the washing was returned, she handed Wong "two bits" more than the usual amount, when he at once said, "Heap big wash, Miss Lyder, worth one dollar this time!"

"Oh, no, Wong, that is too much."

"Boy iron long time! My partner say washee to cheap. He say one dollar."

"I can only pay eighty-five cents."

Just then a ring at the front door made Mrs. Ryder's presence there imperative, so she left him standing in the kitchen by the piles of neatly folded clothes.

When she returned he had taken the money she had laid on the table beside them and had walked away.

"Mama," said the children, "Wong said a bad word when he went out of the drive."

"I am very sorry that he acts so strangely," said Mrs. Ryder.

It did seem very uncomfortable that for so small a matter there should be any trouble.

Mrs. Ryder did not call herself shrewd, nor one to make a sharp bargain, but she was very firm on what she thought was just, and was sure that she was paying all that was right.

Wong had been a weekly visitor to the house for years, and when he went back to China to see his aged mother, of course he had to be registered first, and have his photograph taken, in order that he might sometime return to this "land of the free." Mrs. Ryder had been greatly pleased by the gift of one of his pictures, and had enjoyed showing his intelligent face to her Eastern guests, and telling them of his really fine character.

Each Chinese New Year the children were presented with a bag of the funny candy and nuts and firecrackers; and always there was a

sacred Chinese lily bulb for Mrs. Ryder, with minute directions when to put it in a bowl of water with pretty stones around; it must not be too early, for fear that "Happy New Year come too soon."

All the forenoon Mrs. Ryder felt rather heavy-hearted, and soon she found her conscience taking her to task for her part in the matter.

That conscience was apt to say very plain things to her, and, fortunately, when it began to speak she was in the habit of listening.

This special morning she heard these words: "Say, don't you feel as though that 'bad word' was yours? Do you think you would have treated the man from the Steam Laundry just that way? Suppose one dollar was too much, I think you would have been wiser to have paid it this time, or to have been a little gentler in your refusal. Don't you remember some blessed words about 'if thy brother have aught against thee'? I think you'll have to do as you tell the children, 'Make it right with each other.'"

"Oh, yes, I surely must," sighed Mrs. Ryder.

A few days afterward, as she sat on her heliotrope-embowered porch, Wong drove up to the next door. Usually he would have been all smiles and have said, "Hello, Miss Lyder, nice day!" but now he walked glumly by.

"Wong," she said, "I wish to speak with you."

He paid no attention to her, but went quickly into the house to get his laundry work. This was vexatious! So direct a cut, and how unlike the bright, pleasant Wong.

But Mrs. Ryder knew that her self-asserting conscience would not feel that she was excusable for dropping the matter yet.

So when he came out of the yard again, she said, "Wong, won't you please come here a moment? I wish to see you."

He hesitated a little and possibly a Chinese conscience also made some comments, for he strolled up the violet-bordered walk and halted, saying, "What you want?" Evidently Wong was mad.

But Mrs. Ryder sweetly said, "I have fifteen cents for you. I think eighty-five cents was a plenty, but you do not think so, and I want you to have what is best. I want to do right, Wong."

Oh! what a change in the washman's countenance. There must have been a struggle within, for in a moment he was glad and happy, saying, "Oh, never mind fifteen cents, Miss Lyder; you keepee money; I no want him; that all light; I no care; I no want him;" and he would not accept it, so Mrs. Ryder simply said, "Thank you, Wong."

When she went into the house she slipped the little coins into her missionary box, and said to that reticent article, "Here is a mite from Wong and me, to help carry the gospel to China. May I not forget that "we are epistles" which are being read, right here in our own land"; and often through the day she found herself humming—

"You may find the heathen nearer,
You may find them at your door."

Pasadena.

The Divine Presence.

By E. Woodward Brown.

I am so well aware of the needed and powerful help, the sacred blessing we may receive from the Divine Presence that I wish to keep it in mind. Out of the Spirit, and with spiritual words I would speak to those in the Spirit and to others about the beauties and the riches of this doctrine that we may all be of a better and a happier mind. Certainly they who in the spirit have entered into that which is the righteousness and eternal order for the soul of man.

They are recipients as no others from the good mind and sovereign power of God. Theirs is no longer the dominion of the lie, but of the truth, they have gained the kingdom of eternal truth. Theirs are the substantial things. Theirs is the very best human state.

It is this great belief and possession that I speak of, this abiding state of greatest moment for every human being.

In considering these things, we enter the undecaying world. In losing these things ours are the states and acts and treasures of grace, of the divine righteousness. A God of great order and power, of great benevolence and love, works within us for our weal, to enoble and redeem, and make immortal. It is of one of His great beneficent thoughts and intentions, even His mystical union with His own, that I speak. Surely the relation of the Supreme Spirit to the individual soul is a great study.

Palo Alto.

Translate the scene of Scripture into your lives, and expound the Word of God by your works. Interpret it by your feet, and teach it by your fingers. That is, let your workings and your walkings be Scripture exposition, as living epistles read and known of all men.

Be not unmindful of the feelings and rights of others. Idly spoken words often cause the deepest wounds, and many times are the source of direst trouble.

Nothing so hinders a soul from coming to Christ as a vain love of the world; and till a soul is freed from it, it can never have true love for God.—Bunyan.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

By Aloha.

Fox in an Andover Pulpit

The beautiful fox-colored and fox-named greyhound lay in the sunny porch as his master passed from the roomy parsonage to the pulpit of the white church close by. He had been clearly told not to go into the church building and the teaching had been accompanied with reasonable stringency of switch. Judge of the minister's surprise as the sermon went on to see the beautiful creature standing with glistening eyes at the church door. The next moment he came bounding up the aisle and was licking his master's hand in the swallow-nest pulpit on the wall. The hand was the hand of an angry man, who bade and motioned the perplexing brute to be still. And still at his feet he was while the interrupted sermon went haltingly on. For it was a sermon to the children and in behalf of better rooms for the Sunday-school. Already a generous Scotchman, on whose good will to the enterprise much depended, looked red and disgusted. "Doggy, doggy, what have you done?"

That part of the sermon was not written and went hard. But a change came. The stupid preacher had an idea—dog-given! It was not his first indebtedness to dogs—noble brutes. He was preaching to children about the correction of their faults while young, and much like this is what he said: "Little friends, one of your faults is a lack of prompt obedience. And very unexpectedly my greyhound has taught you a lesson. He has been told ordinarily he must not come to church and I have been hot with shame at his intursion in my pulpit. Until the sharp fact strikes me tha my sermon has been one long invitation to him. For my text has caught his ear, 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines.' All the words, 'Fox,' 'foxes,' 'foxy,' have seemed so many invitations to him and he stood in the doorway only long enough to be sure, and then came on the run to my feet. Learn a lesson from the obedient creature whom I shall not now punish, as I thought, but caress. When father, mother, teacher call you, come at once. Be sure and listen to your Savior's call and come. The disgusted look passed from the noble Scotchman's face and he gave prompt vote and generous coin for the Sunday-school improvements. The graceful hound had an ovation after church and it was freely admitted he had furnished the best point the sermon had. All Andover heard of it and the story got into the papers. Good dog, Fox!

Prof. Park's Canine Conundrum.

The sly greyhound would follow his master up Andover hill one evening and the great dogmatic theologian who had heard of the church performance insisted that the handsome creature come into the house. Dog stories ran on in platoons. But one question stands out clearly in memory: "You love dogs; tell me what you would have done in my place. I got a great fright when I was a young Andover student. I was sent for to preach in a suburb of Boston. It was dark when I reached my host's door. My knock was answered by an immense dog, who threw himself against the door and barked fiercely. If that dog had got at me, what should I have done?" The keen old professor could have asked that young minister questions innumerable, which would have flooded him. But for this one the canophilist preacher had an answer gained by boyish memories of wrestlings with big dogs, which he sometimes threw, but was very careful not to anger. "If I had only my bare hands with which to meet a big dog I should offer him the soft part of my forearm and try to fill his mouth with it. Then I'd get the sharpest hold of his windpipe possible. I've surprised dogs that way when they have been rough twith me."

That little speech seemed to please the old doctor for he said, "I think that is the best answer to that question I have ever had." What do you say to Professor Parke's question? I am very careful about big dogs. I don't covet choking them. In struggle I'd call quick for help divine and human.

Professor Fairchild's Dog Story.

A Cleveland gentleman had in his store a fine, fierce dog, which he had taught to guard his coat or any special property put in his care. Boasting of his dog to a caller one day, the latter said he thought he could get his pocket book from him without maltreating the dog or being bitten. So a goodnatured wager was laid and the dog was given his master's pocket-book to watch in the main hallway of the store. I'd like to have been there, wouldn't you. The clerks looked on to watch the scheme of the bold raider. Had he come with fresh meat or a fish-pole the faithful dog would have floored him undoubtedly, for dogs are true. But he was cunning. Taking off his coat outside and putting his hat on the back of his head he rushed, in well simulated haste, toward the office of his friend. Almost stepping on the honest watchdog, he said in haste and with authority, "Get out." Watching quickly his opportunity, as the deceived dog stepped out of the way, he grabbed the pocket-book and won his wager. He knew the heart of a dog. That dog's owner had no reason to love his dog less.

Now tell me a dog story. I have told you three and they are all true. John Brown—Dr. John Brown—said: "The only sad things

about dogs is that they die." I wonder what the new earth will do for dogs. I think some of mine worth "election."

Loyalty to the Pastor.

A writer in the Christian Register gives the following very excellent advice to church members: He is the official head of your church. He represents it before the public, and he is your teacher and leader in all moral and spiritual affairs. His success is the success of your church; it is the success of what liberal Christianity stands for in your town. His effective service is possible only when he knows he has the sympathy and enthusiastic support of his young people. So stand by him, and let him know that you stand by and believe in him and in the work he is trying to carry on. He cannot do his best unless you do. No lawyer can half try his case unless he feels that his client has full confidence in his skill and ability. Nor can the physician do his best for the patient. The client, the patient, and the congregation carry half the responsibility for the professional man's success or failure. None of them can succeed without the confidence and co-operation of the other. Make your minister feel that you are working with him. You are not necessarily obliged to tell him every Sunday how much you like his sermons. Your regular church attendance and cheerful response to his calls for help are more effective praise than any words you can utter, and he will so take it. Stand up for him on the week-day, when about your daily work, as occasion presents itself. Tell your friends what he is doing and trying to do. When you know of any particularly good thing he has done or undertaken, let him understand that you know it, and let your companions know it, too. Talk him up on all proper occasions, and do not forget that, when you begin to talk him down, you are not so much criticising him as your own church and your own good sense and discretion in attending it. Give him the benefit of every doubt, just as you do your own father and mother, when you hear them assailed. You will be surprised to find how much more he can do for you and yours if you follow out these hints.

True Nobility.

Dr. Newman Hall was one of the most able and widely known minister of the English Congregational churches, and took the part of our government in the war between the states. He traveled at one time extensively in this country, engaging in a great effort to remove the bad feeling which had been produced by the supposed attitude of the British government toward this government and in the course of his travels came to Oberlin, Ohio, where he was entertained by the president of the college, Dr. Fairchild. Upon retiring Dr. Hall placed his shoes outside his door, according to his custom, for some servant to polish, but the house did not afford any servant for such work. President Fairchild, however, in passing through the hall saw the shoes and took them away and polished them in perfect order. It is not supposed that the great English clergyman ever knew who had performed the service for him, but one of the essential facts is that the work was done well. We have known some schoolboys who would have felt themselves altogether too large to have performed such a service for any man, but President Fairchild exhibited a trait of character, which is essential to true nobility and which we earnestly commend to the coming generation.—Wesleyan Methodist.

We bless God for our creation, preservation, and for all the blessings of this life. He has given us a being in which we may enjoy the works of His hand. He gave us the precious things of heaven, the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and the precious things put forth by the moon, the chief things of the ancient mountains, and the precious things of the earth, and the fullness thereof, and of the deep that coucheth beneath! It is He that fills the heart with food and gladness. It is he whose providence insures our safety, and in whom we live and move and have our being. It is he Who teacheth us more than the beasts of earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven. Indeed, to recount all His blessinbs would be to write the story of our lives. And so many are the deeds of mercy to men which Jesus, the divine Mediator, has done, that if they were written, every one, even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.—[James Silvester.

The high-heeled shoe, which is considered by many people to be the author of so many diseases and so much trouble to women, is no new invention. It first appeared in the reign of Louis XV., when it was carried to such excess that the heels were five inches in height, so that walking was not only difficult, but painful. But as women evidently knew then, as they know now, that pride must be pinched, they dutifully followed fashion and bore the pain without a murmur.

If you look at sin through the cross of Christ, it will produce sorrow, shame and reformation; and he has never seen sin rightly who is a stranger to these.

Conversion is a planting time with a soul—not a harvest.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President .....Mrs. H. E. Jewett
2511 Benvenue Avenue, Berkeley.
Treasurer.....Mrs. S. M. Lodge
1275 Sixth Avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. C. B. Bradley
2639 Durant Avenue, Berkeley.
Home Secretary.....Mrs. W. J. Wilcox
576 East Fourteenth Street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....Young Ladies' Branch
Miss Grace Goodhue, 1722 Geary Street.

Turkey.

In a private letter from Brousa, Turkey, Mrs. Baldwin writes as follows:

"We have had a long, anxious time with one of the Seniors, who has been suffering intensely from rheumatism. Doctors and medicines and baths have all failed to give much relief and now our hope is in the brighter, warmer weather which has set in. The disappointment in not being able to go on with her class has been harder to bear than the pain—though she has really tried to accept it as His appointment. As she stood highest in her class, I am hoping she can catch up if only she gets relief from the pain.

"My plan, too, of getting away a little before the regular closing time, must be given up, for I cannot hurry them too much in the hot weather. So we must all learn to take one step at a time and that, too, with a firm clasp of the Father's hand. * * *

"This is the first day of the Easter vacation. * Yesterday all our schools were closed, to reopen, if all is well, April 30th; and to-morrow my husband and I start off for a trip to one of our out-stations, where I have not been able to go for a year.

"Last Sunday was our Easter. * * *The day was beautiful and from our garden we had flowers for one large bouquet for the church. It was Palm Sunday for our native friends and now they are all busy with the great cleaning for Easter. This evening we have communion service instead of the regular prayer-meeting. Tuesday evening and to-morrow evening there will be singing practice of the Easter hymns.

"Monday morning Miss Redfern and Miss Dunn visited our schools and in the afternoon the Orphanage. Mr. Baldwin accompanied them to the latter place while I went with our pupils for an afternoon on the hillsides. I did not actually count, but there must have been ninety of us altogether, the regular school and the kindergarten. Tuesday afternoon we took the ladies for a drive, a lunch at Chekirgeh, where the mineral baths are, and afterwards made a visit to the Government Agricultural School. They were charmed with the beauty of Brousa, and I don't wonder after twenty years residence here we never tire of the beautiful scenery and views.

"Last week a lot of Christmas cards, with a few scrap books, arrived in a box from Boston, sent by the children of the Pilgrim church, Pomona, Calif. Yesterday I found enough Easter cards among them and others with simple flowers or texts, to go with the scrap-books, and give each of the pupils and teachers in both schools a little remembrance when we were through with lessons. Three more of the girls took the little prize which I offer for reciting perfectly the Ten Commandments in English. Then, after singing, 'God Be with You till We Meet Again,' we separated for the vacation. It was a busy day for all the rest—the Senior class was examined in geometry and physics. After school the boarders and a few others came down to our garden to admire and enjoy the tulips and hyacinths, with which the place was quite gay.

"How delightful it would have been this year if a younger person could only have been here with me, preparing to assume responsibility in the fall! I am often too tired with actual work to give to these girls the recreation and the fellowship which they need when free from books and duties. They love to gather around me and I love to have them with me; and so they would be attracted to a new teacher and she to them."

Southern Branch.

"Let us not attach ourselves to his gifts, but to Him."

The autumn months bring thoughts of active work again. The attention of the Southern Branch workers is called to the opportunity to meet the Twentieth Century Call—for us $500 of the one hundred twenties ($2,000) of the W. B. M. P.

This, of course, is an extra, above the regular aim. This is an opportunity for an extra service for the Master. With a Christian an opportunity becomes a duty!

By planning, thought and care, there are but few among us who cannot increase our gifts. These extra may be sent at any time through the winter to Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Pasadena, Treasurer of the Southern Branch, as Twentieth Century gifts.

"We shall pass this way but once." Let us enter through the gates into the new century with the consciousness that we have done what we could. The more evident the darkness the greater need to hasten with the light.

The Southern Branch expects to issue this fall an historical leaflet of its ten years.

Our auxiliaries are to enjoy, during the early autumn, a visit from their missionary, Miss M. F. Denton, of Japan.

To the Young People's Socseties.

The summer is almost over and our thoughts turn to the coming fall and winter duties. Most of us will return to our schools as teachers or pupils, and nearly every one has some change of occupation.

Some of the Young People's Societies have an election of new officers, and so start out with renewed vigor. The members who have been away for the summer are returning refreshed, and ready for hard work. Shall not this be an occasion for pushing the work of our Lord and Master with redoubled energy?

Never before has our land been so agitated over our missionaries and sympathetic for them as now. The newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific are daily trying to give the anxious public some word from the missionaries who are in the hands of the Chinese. We cannot understand now why all this suffering and sacrifice was necessary, but we do feel confident that our loving Father is watching over his children.

Is not this the time of all times when we should work for missions What is your society doing? Has the missionary committee planned a definite course of study and interesting programs?

How much are you setting aside to give to missions? Will it be a tithe? We hope every society may give something this coming year. Within a few days pledge blanks will be mailed to all the Congregational Societies of Young People, asking you to give a definite amount through our Woman's Board. Last year many societies joined with us, but we want all to have a share.

Our money this year will go toward three objects—$200 for Mrs. Gulick's work for the International Institute for Girls in Spain; $200 for Miss Perkins in the Madura District, India; $100 for the Century Fund. The Woman's Board of the Pacific wishes to raise an extra two thousand dollars for the new century. Of this amount we of the Young People's Societies are asked to raise one hundred dollars.

It is with deep regret that I must sever my connection with the Southern Branch. I have accepted a position under the A. M. A. to teach in the Allen Normal School in Thomasville, Georgia, so shall be many miles away from Southern California. My thoughts will often be with my California friends, wishing you the best of success, especially your new Superintendent, who will soon be appointed by the Executive Committee.

Mary L. Marden.

You cannot control God, but you can let Him control you.

If God gets the heart completely He gets the whole man.

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Rev. Burton M. Palmer.

The Rich Fool. (Luke xii: 13–23.)

LESSON XII. September 16 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"*What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?*" (*Mark viii: 36.*)

Introduction.

Time: November or December, A. D. 29.

Place: In Perea, at some place where "many thousands of the multitude were gathered together."

Connection: We have in this lesson another of those marvelously perfect little parables; and this, too, like the parable of the Good Samaritan, was given in answer to a question that was asked with a wrong motive. Between these two parables Luke has recorded several events and teachings. The request, "Teach us to pray," and its answer by Christ, the cure of the dumb man, the clash with the Pharisees that followed it, the condemnation of miracle-hunters, the dining with a Pharisee, the utterance of woes upon the Scribes and the Pharisees and the theological lawyers, the preaching against hypocrisy, and the urging of open confession—these are all recorded here, and we may think of them as occurring in succession in one or more of those towns in Perea whither, according to preannounced plan, the Lord "himself would come." The mission of the seventy forerunners had not been in vain; the journey of Jesus through Perea was well advertised. None of the Perean cities were very large, yet "many thousands of the multitude were gathered together, insomuch that they trode one upon another" (R. V.) Jesus was preaching, primarily to those who were disciples, but in the hearing of this jostling throng. He was exhorting them to be courageous when they should be brought to trial because of their faith. He was just saying, "The Holy Spirit shall teach you in that very hour what ye ought to say," when a selfish man in the multitude, who was not taught of the spirit, spoke forth and said that which he ought not.

Lesson Notes.

V. 13. "Speak to my brother." The man would prostitute to his own low purpose the popularity and influence that Jesus seemed to have. The fact that Christ was discussing how martyrs should bear themselves in their final tribulations was lost on this sordid man.

V. 14. "Man!" This form of address implied rebuke; (c.f. Rom. ii: 1). The question that followed conveyed its own answer.

V. 15. "He said unto them." Christ turned back to the multitude at once, but if the man listened he heard a still further answer to his question. "Covetousness." Jesus did not

say "riches," but "covetousness"; this sin is as common among poor men as among the rich; it is the desire to lay up more. He took, however, "certain rich man" as an illustration.

Vs. 17-19. No soliloquy in Hamlet or Macbeth reveals a character in so brief and full a way as this. Of the first fifty words he speaks, one out of every five is either "I" or "my." "Eat, drink and be merry;" this was the Epicurean philosophy.

V. 20. "But God said." One utterance from God, and all the selfish plans of a lifetime were upset.

V. 22. "Be not anxious." In the 17th century "to take thought" had this meaning of "anxiety." It was even put on tomb-stones—So-and-so "died of taking thought." For verses like this, containing an idiom that had changed, the Revision of the King James version was greatly needed and should always be used.

Reflections.

Many a man still is addressing himself to his stomach and calling it his soul.

The man in the parable was a fool. "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God."

We are but stewards; the things which that man thought he owned he could not keep over night, and even his own soul was required back.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

The Broad Way; the Narrow Way (Matt. vii: 13, 14.)

Topic for September 16th.

Many a man's religious outlook depends upon his definitions. The meaning he gives to words and phrases will determine the direction of his belief and his character. When Horace Bushnell was summoned to appear before his Association to explain some of his utterances regarding what were then considered fundamental doctrines of orthodoxy, the situation was greatly complicated by the insistence of the good Doctor that he did not use certain decisive words with the same meaning given to them by his brethren. And during that generation there never was a harmony of definition of theological terms between Dr. Bushnell and those who questioned his positions, if there could have been, possibly the history of twenty-five years of turmoil in Connecticut might have been different.

* * *

We have a similar difficulty now to avoid. The words "broad" and "narrow" are in general use with reference to a man's religious convictions. They have come to be almost the polished arrows of speech and literature, in some cases tipped with more or less poison of sarcasm, not to say, vituperation. It is exceedingly important, therefore, that in using these words in matters of faith and practice, we give the meaning which is found in our Lord's use of them. Often when we say a man is "broad" or that he is "narrow," we mean just this: We lay down upon him our own personal standard, and measure his belief by our own convictions of what a man ought to believe, and then we label him broad or narrow as he may fit or misfit our rule. Frequently the process is little better than calling each other names. The practice needs fumigation.

* * *

It is something of a deceitful misnomer to speak of a man as broad or narrow. It is the way he is pursuing that is either broad or narrow. At every instant of one's life there are two ways diverging. Character is the constant choice between these two ways. Character is direction, not rapidity of progress. Broadness is present ease that leads to future difficulty; narrowness is present difficulty that ends in future deliverance. The desire for present ease has a tremendous hold upon us. The future that we are willing to struggle for, must be very large and not too far off. The multitudes are looking for the easiest available way of getting a living. In the parlance of the street, the crowds are prospecting for "soft snaps." In religious life "soft snap" theology is popular. "And many be they that enter in thereby."

* * *

The college boy who means to make a creditable record in his course has no easy task before him. If he wants an easy time, let him join the crowd that skim through. The man who means to stand at the head of his profession or in his line of business has no road of roses to follow. To the man who wants a religious life that requires no struggle, little attention, no study and no continuity of self-training, Jesus has no word of encouragement. The broad-way choice in religious matters, the broad-way habits of religious life and the broad-way methods in religious work are likely to lead to destruction—not necessarily to hell, but to the destruction of that result towards which we suppose ourselves to be walking. They may be popular, but they are not rewarding.

* * *

Mark Twain says, "Be good and you will be lonesome." That is not as new a saying as it may appear. It is a rather trivial way of putting the truth that Jesus taught long ago. The way of present ease is apt to be numerously followed. The sudden swaying of crowds is not always safe. It might not be

the best thing for Japan to "vote to adopt Christianity as the national religion," as it was once proposed to do. Mohammed converted "infidels" by the tribe and the nation. My friend, do not hesitate to be lonesome. Do not wait for the circle you are in to move in the right direction. They are not likely to do so in masses. Christ's finger is pointing you unto life." Why? Because it is the way of present difficulty. It is not as attractive at its entrance as the other way. We shall not have as much company at that gate. Society is not rushing along that path. But it "leadeth unto life." Why? eBcause it is the way of the Master. He walks there. Do you want to walk with Him?

* * *

It would be a sad mistake if any of us were to make this passage apply solely to those who have not become Christians, as has been done so often. True, it has a very serious message to such. But quite as much mischief is done to the work of our Lord because in preaching and in method we are tempted to advocate and follow some broad way—some way of less difficulty now, but less result in the end. It is well to have in mind that a mistaken "fad" in Christian work may be more harmful than a coarser iniquity among the ungodly. Some gate of choice, some gate of habit we are entering every day. Perhaps no better use of this meeting could be made than to spend the time in prayer that our eyes may see and our wills choose the straitened way where our Lord stands inviting us.

A Christian in Name Only.

Church Life has this to say of the man who is a Christian in name only: The ice-cold Christian bay be a member of the church "in good and regular standing." Yes, and a contributing member, too. He attends church quite regularly and sings in the choir. When he gets his "Sunday best" on, he looks quite like a Christian, but how does he live? No daily Bible reading. No blessing asked at the table. No family prayers. No Bible instruction for the children. No religious conversation in the home. No private prayer. No attendance at the week-day services. No attendance at the Sunday-school. No Christ in his choice of reading matter. No Christ in his favorite amusement. And only a little of Christ in his head. Well, what has he, then, which the commonest sinner has not? 1. He has his name on the church roll. 2. He has his name on the list of contributing members. 3. He has a pew or an occasional sitting in church. These three things and nothing more to entitle him to the glorious name of Christian. If he should suddenly die, he would be given a Christian burial, and these three things about him would be sure to be mentioned in the funeral sermon, and held out to the bereaved family as reasons for a blessed assurance that he has gone straight to glory, with an abundant entrance.

Speak Gently.

Susan Teall Perry.

"You never speak loud and angrily to your horses," I said to a teamster, whom I had watched day after day, drawing gravel on the road.

"Oh, no," he said with a smile. "I've teamed it for twenty years and I never found that scolding and swearing at horses ever made them work any better. Horses are a good deal like folks—they'll stand more hard work, if you talk pleasantly to them, and encourage them, than they will if you yell at them. Horses and folks ain't so very different in some things. I don't think folks are ever made any better by being found fault with either. It's discouraging to folks and it's discouraging to horses. It just keeps 'em fretted all the while."

I noticed this teamster stopped at intervals to rest his team, but he always got to his destination in as good time as the others, who were constantly worrying and hurrying their horses.

After the man passed on, I thought over the important truth he had embodied in his homely words. Fault-finding is indeed "discouraging to folks and discouraging to horses"; it does "keep 'em fretted all the while." The very tones of our voice have power for good or for evil. Especially is this true of our daily home life. We are quite too desirous of popular approval outside of our homes to indulge often in rude words or unpleasant tones, but at home we seem often to think we have a privilege to be at our worst.

It makes one's heart ache to hear the fault-finding, fretty tone in which children are often spoken to. Some mothers who really desire to have a sweet influence over their children, forget themselves and speak loudly and angrily in reproof of trifling misdemeanors, or they continually find fault when they should be continually encouraging the little ones.

Some persons seem to think that screaming their orders out in loud tones makes them more effective, that they thus get the more work out of them whom they employ. What a mistaken idea! Gentle, pleasant words uttered in a quiet tone are much more likely to make the office of ministry a delight to the one who ministers.

A little boy, whose mother never scolded, but had a gentle, sorry voice when he had done wrong and she talked his fault over with him, used to say, "I mustn't do what mamma does

not wish me to, for it makes her get on her sorry voice." The sad tone of voice was a more effective discipline than scolding in angry tones could possibly have been.

It is unjust to children to surround them with a fretful, faultfinding, nagging atmosphere. It does not bring out the best in them, but makes them resentful, "contrary." If there is anything that parents should pray the Good Lord to deliver them from, it is a "nagging" spirit.

A mother had a habit of surmising most of the time that her children were in mischief. She was continually calling out, "Stop that—this minute," in very emphatic tones. The first sentence the baby of that family ever put together was, "Stop that—this minute"; and spoken in its mother's own tone of voice. Let us hope that it cured her.

Children are great imitators; they usually copy the manner of speech of their elders. Let us all cultivate a cheery tone of voice, even in cases where the discipline of words is necessary. Let us not say, "You are the worst boy or girl in the world." If any outsider should say that to one of our children, we should be justly offended. Rather let us say, "You must have forgotten, my dear, or you would not have done thus and so. I am sure you will not do it again, for you know it is not right and I know my little child wishes to do right"; then with a kiss and a smile to make the child know that we believe what we say, let us drop the subject.

Don't, dear father and mother, find fault with each other, or speak roughly to one another before the little ones. Better no differences ever, but if they unavoidably come up, settle them by yourselves when you are alone.

Let love and forbearance and cheery tones be the rule of the home and you will not fail of being happy and making the days of childhood a sweet memory to your little ones in the days to come. Because their home was so united and the gentle words so often given, those same children, when they make homes of their own, will carry the sweet tones of love from the old home nest to the new ones.—[The Evangelist.

A Helpful Life.

Much has been said and written in regard to the work of Count Leo Tolstoi, and of his efforts to persuade the peasants of his village to live according to the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, but the honor of having put his theories to a more practical test than he himself belongs to his second daughter, Maria Tolstoi, who is her father's most devoted follower. She believes with her father "that the world would be a much pleasanter place to live in and that we should all be a great deal happier if we gave up less of our time to money-getting and securing social position and took more interest in lending a hand in brightening the lives of our neighbors," and her theories are exemplified in her manner of life. When the family property was divided she refused to accept her portion, although she remained at home, preferring to work quietly among the peasants in her own neighborhood. She works side by side with the women in the fields of her mother's estate, like any peasant, receiving her daily stipend of 20 or 30 kopecks, taking the place of the peasant women who are unable to do their share on account of illness, and giving them the money thus earned. She divides her efforts between the workers in the field and the sick in the huts, and in order to better minister to the sick in the village she, took a two years' course in the hospitals at Moscow, and has established a hospital in the village, to which the peasants come from miles around. When asked by the correspondent of the New York Sun, who visited her in her village, why she did not pursue some more lucrative occupation and provide for the indigent in that way, she replied: "As a matter of fact, I know of nothing that I can do that will bring me in more money than my work in the field does. As matters now stand, I have my living at home, and there is also this opportunity to help the peasants. Besides earning a little money for them, I think that I am doing them some good by associating with them. It took them a long while to get accustomed to my companionship, and I don't feel that even now they accept me as I should like to have them do, but a few, at any rate, have learned to realize that I am not playing with them or the work, and that I really want to be of service to them. What I shall succeed in accomplishing by way of example and suggestion is but an infinistesimal part of what is necessary to be done before the peasants learn what it is that my father believes the Bible teaches that men ought to be and do, but it is a satisfaction to me to try to achieve even this slight result, and I am sure that already some of the women have views and ideas that they did not have when they saw me playing tennis or sitting in the music room the day long."

Christianity is immortal; it has eternal truth, inexhaustible value, a boundless future.—[Matthew Arnold.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, insuperable ones to the vain.

To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—[George MacDonald.

Our Boys and Girls.

A Peck of Trouble.

By Mary J. Porter.

"Wsht! Don't make any noise, Jamie." This was in a whisper from Jack Amesbury. The two boys were playing truant. They had strayed beyond the limits of the town into some woods that bordered on the highway.

"Whose coat is that on the bush yonder?" whispered Jack. "Looks like Ed Nelson's," returned Jamie, in the same low tone. The companion crept stealthily along, now crouching beneath the bushes, now dodging from tree to tree, both of them cowardly in the consciousness of wrong-doing.

"Be careful," warned Jack again, as Jamie unintentionally broke a small branch that cracked in the breaking. "Old Sudbury, the new superintendent of schools, drives along this road every morning. He'd snatch us up in a twinkling if he should see us."

"And he'd have a right to—that's certain. But I don't believe he's coming now, and I'm going to have a good look at that coat. It's Ed Nelson's, surely. Gracious! It just fits me. Exactly the thing I need when I walk out on cold nights."

"What'll the old woman say?"

"Oh, nothing; she won't care."

Jamie was an orphan. An uncle paid for his board with Mrs. Elmer, otherwise called by the boys, "the old woman."

And about the coat? How did it happen to be hanging in the grove on that cold morning of the early spring when its owner was in school?

"Need I wear my coat to-day?" Ed Nelson had asked of his mother after breakfast.

"Oh, yes, Ned. This isn't the sort of weather for making a change in one's clothing."

"But you said last week that you thought I might leave it off now."

"So I did, but mother couldn't forsee the state of the weather. Wear it a little longer. Then when there comes a milder day you may go without it."

Ed put on the coat, not without remonstrances and complaints. Then he started off for school.

The spirit of disobedience was strong within him that morning. It is one of the worst feelings that boys and girls have to contend with. This time it conquered Ed, because he allowed himself to be conquered. He didn't fight it hard enough. He went down the road feeling cross and sullen. Soon he must pass the woods in which Jack and Jamie were hiding, though he knew nothing of their presence there.

"Take off your coat and hang it on one of these trees," whispered the bad spirit in his heart. "Don't do it," said Conscience. "Hurry up," said the bad spirit. "You can easily put it where it won't be seen from the road and get it again on your way home. Your mother'll never know the difference."

Ed yielded to the temptation and went on his way with less weight on his back, but with a burden in his heart.

He tried to make things right by saying to himself: "I'm ever so much more comfortable without the horrid old thing. Mother can't know when she's in the house how it feels out-doors. I believe that if she'd come along with me she'd have told me to take it off when she found out how warm it was."

Yet all this reasoning failed to bring happiness. Ed was an uncomfortable boy all day. He made trouble for his teacher in school and so brought trouble on himself. That day of Ed's life may be considered a failure.

On his way home in the afternoon he stopped for his coat. But where was it? Certainly not where he had left it in the morning. Could he have mistaken the tree? No, he knew the woods too well. It was impossible. Search as he might, the garment was not to be found. He must go home without it. Instead of entering as usual with a call for "Mother" at the front door, he skulked around in the rear and went into the kitchen. There the cook informed him that Mrs. Nelson had gone for a drive with another lady and would not return until supper-time. Ed considered that he had had a fortunate escape from reproof, and went into the sitting-room to amuse himself with a new book. At any other time it would have fascinated him, but on this unhappy day it had no power to charm.

He was an only child, and, without any playmates in the house, was accustomed to find his principal diversion in books. This resource proving unsatisfactory, he drummed for a short time on the piano and then varied the amusement by drumming on the window-pane. The sounds he succeeded in making did not drown the voice of Conscience, which reproached him so loudly that it seemed as though he could almost hear it speak in tones like those of his own voice.

The thing was getting to be almost unbearable when, at length, his mother returned, bringing her friend in to supper. Soon came his father from business and the home-coming was followed by the evening meal.

Remarking afterward that he was tired, Ed went early to bed, while the mother was still chatting with her friend. Somewhat later he heard the shutting of the front door and knew that his father had gone out.

Ed was usually a sound sleeper. He had only to lay his head on the pillow, close his eyes and float off into dreamland. But on this particular evening the case was different. He

tossed and tossed, but slumber would not come. He heard the clock strike eight, heard the carriage come for his mother's friend, heard her leave-taking and departure. Still the time dragged on, and at last the clock struck nine.

Later his father returned. Ed listened guiltily while Mr. Nelson told his wife a strange tale. "What do you think I have here, Nellie? It's our Ned's coat. I recognized it on a boy down town and took it from him at once. He owned to having found it in the woods to-day and appropriated it to his own use. I threatened to have him arrested, but he begged so hard that I finally let him off. How do you suppose he got the thing?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Nelson. "Ed certainly wore it to school, for I buttoned it on him myself."

"You don't suppose that he would have been guilty of disobeying you by taking it off and leaving it in the woods, do you?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Nelson.

The father and mother were just then interrupted and startled by a shout from Ned. "I did, father; I did."

They both hurried upstairs to their son's room, where they found a frightened and penitent boy. They were ready to forgive him when he begged with tears for their pardon, but it was a long time before he became sufficiently quiet to sleep.

The next morning he awoke with a sore throat and fever, and with a sense of having suddenly become a hundred years old. Mrs. Nelson set for a physician, who pronounced the case a serious one.

Then came days and weeks of suffering, followed by a feeble condition that tried Ed's patience even more than pain itself.

Through all his mother attended him with marvelous sweetness and watchfulness. At length, when the trees were green with foliage; when grass covered the fields and flowers were blooming in the garden; when overcoats and all winter wraps were safely packed away from the ravages of moths, and took once more the familiar road to school.

He was a wiser boy than when he had last trodden that way, for he had learned that it is very foolish as well as a wicked thing for a boy to disobey his mother.—[Christian Intelligencer.

When the Cap Fitted.

Duke looked up from the bone he was gnawing and glared at his little mistress and her visitor. His bushy tail did not even hint at wagging, there was a fierce light in his eyes, and a low growl rumbled down in his throat.

Ruth caught Marian by the arm. "Oh, let's run!" she cried. "He's going to bite us."

"No, he won't, if we don't touch his bone."

Marian felt ashamed of her dog, and vainly tried to think of some excuse for his conduct. "I don't know what makes him act so," she said, as the two girls walked on.

"Is he always as cross as he has been since I came?" asked Ruth.

"He didn't use to be," returned Marian, sorrowfully. "But now he's getting crosser and crosser all the time."

They had reached the front porch by this time, and behind the woodbine stood Marian's brother Paul. His face was red with anger, and his fists were clinched. "I'm going straight to mamma, Miss!" he exclaimed, as he saw Marian. "We'll see if she lets you talk that way!"

"What way?" asked Marian in astonishment; and Ruth thought of her own brother, and felt very glad he was not as ill-tempered and unreasonable as Paul.

Paul paid no attention to his sister's question, but went into the house, slamming the door very hard. A few moments later, mamma's sweet voice called, "Marian, dear, I want to see you."

Marian obeyed quickly. Mamma was waiting for her in the sewing-room, and her face looked puzzled and sad.

Paul sat by the window and it was plain that he had been crying. Marian looked from one to the other in astonishment.

"How is this, my daughter?" mamma began, "Paul tells me he heard you saying to Ruth that he is growing crosser all the time."

Marian stared, then broke into a merry laugh. "Why, mamma, we weren't talking about him at all. Duke growled at us, and Ruth asked me if he always acted so cross; and then I said he is getting crosser and crosser all the time."

"Oh!" said mamma, and then she, too, laughed. "Run back to your play, dear," she said, cheerily. "It was only a mistake, it seems."

When Marian had left the room, mamma looked over at Paul. His cheeks were redder than before, but now it was shame that colored them instead of anger. "I just heard them talking about being cross, and I s'posed that that meant me," he explained.

"It was a rather queer mistake, wasn't it?" mamma asked. And Paul made no answer.

"If your father had overheard that conversation," mamma continued, after waiting a moment for Paul to speak, "would he have thought the girls were talking about him?"

"Of course not," said Paul indignantly.

"But why not?" persisted mamma.

"Because he isn't ever cross, and they couldn't have meant him." Paul spoke earnestly, though he could not help smiling as he met his mother's look.

"Exactly," said mamma, nodding her head. "And it was easy for you to make the blunder, because you have been cross and ill-natured through almost all of Ruth's vis.t. The cap fitted you, and you put it on without waiting to see if it was meant for you or not. Uneasy consciences, my boy, make people very sensitive about what they happen to overhear.

"A boy who tries his best to do right, doesn't need to worry over what people say about him. And that sort of boy will not be likely to think that all the unpleasant things he overhears are meant for him."

Paul went back to his play a wiser boy, and let us hope a better one. He had made up his mind that when the cap fitted himself and ill-natured Duke, it was time for a change.—[The Weekly Welcome.

A Happy Device.

A year ago, Miss Josephine Locke, Superintendent of drawing in the Chicago public schools, hit upon the happy device of passing around among the pupils who attended her lectures, some small photographic reproductions of famous paintings, says the Household.

At the outset her purpose was merely to help her hearers to a better understanding of art, but other and more important results have followed.

The pupils manifested so deep an interest in the pictures, and asked so many questions about them that they were at length permitted to take a few home and keep them a short time; and with the beginning of the present school year the committee determined to provide sets of the reproductions for sale to the pupils at one cent each—the actual cost of manufacture.

The little pictures are reproductions of noble paintings. They include such subjects as the "Sistine Madonna," "The Angelus," "Bringing Home the New-Born Calf," the "Angel of Death," and others which tell a story, or speak to heart and soul with the inspiring voice of true art.

They were no sooner placed on sale than the pupils began to buy them in such numbers as their means permitted, displaying in the selection a pure taste, and an artistic appreciation.

More important still, it was soon discovered that the passion for collecting cigarette pictures and tobacco tags had at last found its master.

Boys who had prided themselves on collections of prize-fighters and actresses, gathered without cost, displayed an equal enthusiasm in collecting these worthier pictures.

Such evidence of good taste and wholesome instincts on the part of the pupils of the public schools should forcibly remind parents that they also have a duty in this direction.

Our Humboldt Field.

After a short sojourn in Humboldt county my impressions may, perhaps, interest other pastors. First, it is a good place to go to rest, provided you have all your sermons at home. If you have any of these in stock they are likely to be called for. But the soft, salubrious air, the ever-changing scenery of valley and mountain and stream, the magnificent forests of redwood, the rich green of the cultivated fields and loaded orchards, are a constant delight to the visitor. Then, if he has a passion to "kill something," the wild ranges of mountain afford good hunting-grounds for game of all varieties, from the smaller kinds to deer and bear, and the streams furnish fish in abundance from the mountain trout to the salmon.

It is also a country evidently with a future. Its valleys are said to be the richest in America; its hills are covered with a gigantic growth of the finest timber, that seems inexhaustible in quantity; its splendid orchard product is only beginning to attract attention and its oil fields promise to be a source of great wealth to that region. With better facilities for travel and transportation, which are likely to come soon, a dense population will, no doubt, throng the country and develop its resources.

But it is as a field for church enterprise that the greatest interest will be felt by many. Congregationalism is already well planted there.

With strong and well-manned churches at Eureka and Ferndale as centers, there are others at Hydesville, Field's Landing, Rohnerville, Alton, Elk River and Loleta, with preaching services maintained and church work more or less organized at two or three other points in the country. Six pastors care for these churches, all of them men of ability and nearly all young and vigorous. The people as a class seem more responsive to religious effort than in many communities, church attendance is more general, and the religious life seems to be well maintained. The churches are generally well located and the buildings are above the average in taste and completeness. All in all, Home Missionary money sent to that region is well invested; the workers there deserve our heartiest sympathy and support and Congregationalism has reason to cultivate with care its Humboldt field. Go up and see it. The people are kind and hospitable and you will have a good time.

W. C. D.

We take up our lives in the next world where we leave them off here.

Church News.

Northern California

Soquel.—Three members were received into the church at the last communion by the pastor, Rev. G. H. Wilbur.

Oroville.—Rev. C. W. Merrill preached his first sermon as pastor September second. The church had been cleaned and the vestibule recarpeted previous to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, and an unusually large congregation for this time of year listened to a fine sermon.

San Francisco, Third.—On Sunday the pastor preached in the evening on "Cardinal Newman—A Study in English Church Movements." Congregations are larger than at any time in the history of the church. The choir gallery will soon be enlarged and other improvemnts are contemplated.

Berkeley, First.—Seven were received into the church last Sunday, six of these by letter. One child was baptized. The pastor has recently introduced a change from an evening service to a vesper service, at 5:30 o'clock, followed by the Christian Endeavor, at 6:30. During the vesper service in the church, the Junior Endeavor meets in the Sunday-school room. These has been an encouraging increase in attendance in the second service since the change of hour.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The semi-annual missionary barrel opening occurred Friday evening, the receipts being $60. For seven years years these barrel openings have occurred, and more than one thousand dollars have been received in this way for missionary purposes. An interesting feature of the meeting last Friday evening was the Missionary Journey Around the World, on which all were conducted by the pastor, Rev. R. C. Brooks. A large map was used, and much valuable information in brief was given concerning the missionary fields.

Southern California.

Corona.—The pastor, Rev. W. N. Burr, spent his vacation in Los Angeles, returning August 29th. On Friday evening, August 31st, Rev. Horace W. Houlding, the organizer and first pastor of the Corona church, spoke at the opera house on the uprising in China and his missionary experiences in that country during the past four years. On Sunday, September 2d, two persons united with the church, both on confession of faith.

Prayer is the soul's telegraph.

Christ never promises smooth water to His followers.

Notes and Personals.

There will be no meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday.

The Rev. Raymond Robbins, pastor of the Congregational church at Nome, Alaska, is ill with typhoid fever. Word comes that his illness is a severe blow to the work at Nome.

The California Christian Advocate says concerning the Rev. Charles R. Brown, who spoke recently before the Methodist ministers of this city and vicinity: "He captivated all hearts. We voice the feeling of the whole meting when we say, 'Come again!'"

The Petaluma Congregationalists are to arise and build. Mr. A. B. Case leads off in a subscription of $1,000; another large-hearted man covers it; and several more have come forward with smaller sums, sufficient in number to assure the success of the enterprise. Mr. Case also offers to donate a parsonage land and building. These offers have been accepted and acted upon by the church which has already entered upon the preliminary steps. Petaluma, city and church, are to be congratulated.

The San Diego Chinese Mission house has recently been removed to a new and more advantageous location. On Monday evening of last week it was rededicated, "to the glory of God in the service of man." The Chinese themselves have shown their faith by their works, having contributed $130 from their own earnings toward the building, besides painting and papering and putting the grounds in thorough order. The dedication was largely atended by Dr. Norton, Mr. Marston and other friends, who, it may safely be asserted, found all their love and all their Christian fellowship returned in hundredfold blessing into their own lives.

Mill Valley

Rev. Miles B. Fisher was installed as pastor of the Mill Valley Congregational church, Monday, August 2d.

The council duly called for this purpose met at 4 o'clock for the examination of the candidate. Mr. Fisher's religious experience immediately laid claim upon the council's appreciation when he said that his life had developed under the blessing and fostering care of a Christian home. Out of this environment and character and certain later experiences was born the choice and purpose to serve God as his minister.

In regard to his statement of religious belief, two thoughts came to me as he finished reading it: First, the evenness of tone, the consistency of it, presenting no discord to call into question the poise or thoroughness of the

mind which claimed it. Second, the spiritual life which spoke through it, raising it to the higher plane of a soul's appreciation of the beliefs he was uttering.

The statement was very full and definite. Only a comparatively few questions were asked.

The council voted unanimously that the examination be sustained and the installation be proceeded with. The installation service in the evening was an unusually impressive one. Its quality throughout was pure and simple. Very early in the program a high note was struck and this was sustained. We left the service feeling that a new benediction rested upon us. *A. E. Johnson*, Scribe.

The Bystander.

The installation of the Rev. Miles Fisher as pastor of the church in Mill Valley was the occasion of a delightful visit to that charming spot last Monday. The exercises were introduced by a drive around the valley, enjoyed by a few members of the council.

The paper by the candidate was clear and explicit, and couched in the language of the Bible. Mr. Fisher belongs to a really remarkable family. His sisters and brothers are scattered over the earth, doing good work in the kingdom of God. They all possess a certain genius for Christian work. The young man installed over the Mill Valley church is no exception. The exercises in the evening were of more than ordinary interest. The church is to be congratulated on securing this energetic Yale graduate, and he is to be congratulated on having so many loyal assistants to aid in developing a church which began life under a group of redwoods, not many years ago.

A Rally of Bishops.

It was held in the Grace M. E. church the other evening, and the Bystander greatly enjoyed the exercises. The bishop is usually sufficient to stir the blood of the Methodists, but when three real, live bishops swoop down on a city at one time, even a Congregationalist must seek for a front seat. The particular object of the meeting was a reception given Bishop Hamilton, but the affair became in reality a farewell to Bishop Moore, en route to China, and a greeting to Bishop Cranston, who dropped in from the north. The spirit of the congratulatory and hospitable addresses made by the local clergy was expressed by the colored orator in the south in a speech of welcome to Bishop Hamilton: "We are glad you have come. The door is open; you are at liberty to pull our pullets, unhen our henneries, unroost our roosters and gobble our gobblers."

Bishop Hamilton.

He was elected at the last General Conference after seventeen ballots. The Bystander saw him some years ago in the General Conference at Philadelphia, when he asked for an extension of the time limit in behalf of the People's church, Boston. By some hook or crook he had been there nine years. His request was denied and the speaker hissed. Since then the time limit fence has been totally destroyed, and Dr. Hamilton has been elected bishop. Certainly "the world do move." He made the best speech of the evening. In appearance he is striking, and in delivery sometimes reminds one of Mr. Beecher.

Bishop Cranston.

He used to be a dapper business man when the Bystander knew him, as the head of the Methodist Book Concern at Cincinnati. His eyes were bright, his cheeks red and his manner that of a successful man of affairs. Now he has grown old before his time, and resembles pictures of Mr. Gladstone. He is not old, but hard work has changed him. He made an excellent McKinley speech; indeed, every speaker seemed to be charged with that kind of evangelism expressed in the motto of Wesley: "The world is my pulpit." One was impressed with the hopeful outlook, the large vision, the indomitable courage of these men. Every speaker seemed to strike a world note.

Bishop Moore.

The Bystander once knew this military-looking man as the editor of the Western Christian Advocate. Nobody thought of him as a candidate for the bishopric in those days, but the lightning will strike even a journalist, and it struck him in the last General Conference. He is the youngest bishop, fifty-five years of age. Bishop Moore received the heartiest reception, probably because he was taking his life into his hands by embarking for China. Indeed, the Bystander thought the matter was a little overdone. Bishop Moore shows no more courage than the unknown boys who are even now within the walls of Peking. The utterances were extravagant, and the tide of enthusiasm rolled high. The response by the Bishop was characteristic, full of fire, force and fervid rhetoric.

Chancellor Day.

He was the most distinguished-looking man on the platform, and it really did seem ridiculous that so large a man should have only eight minutes in which to talk on "American Methodism." He is at the head of the Syracuse University, and is an able and genial leader. The meeting closed with an appeal for money.

The Pulpit and Society.

It sometimes happens that the discharge of a big gun in the East echoes among the hills of California. A Dr. Hamilton of Newport

has recently attracted attention by criticising "society" of that famous resort. What Dr. Hamilton said was very good gospel, but just how much effect it had upon the social leaders is not reported. A San Francisco clergyman has promptly echoed these sentiments, and called to account the doings of "swelldom" hereabouts. "Swelldom" has talked back and the minister, of course, replies; and so goes the merry war, while the newspapers watch the effect of the exploding shells. In the meantime the minister is being advertised and Sunday golf is more popular than ever. What does it all amount to?

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

The trustees and faculty of Pacific University and citizens generally of Forest Grove gave Dr. McClelland a farewell reception last Friday evening in the auditorium of Marsh Memorial hall. The atendance was large and bore evidence to the universal respect and high regard in which the doctor was held by all who ever knew him or came in touch with him in any way. Brief addresses were made by Hon. Alanson Hinman, trustee of Pacific University, since 1854, and president of the Board for more than twenty-five years, on behalf of the trustees; by Prof. Joseph W. Marsh, as a fellow-Christian; by Lynn Lancefield, as the students knew him; by Prof. Jas. R. Robertson, on behalf of the Faculty; by Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman, on behalf of the people of the State; by Thomas M. Adams, an alumnus, on behalf of the graduates; by Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, on behalf of the churches—each speaker emphasizing the value of his services—closing with a few words by President McClelland, for himself and family, in touching recognition of the spontaneous desire everywhere manifested that they should remain in the State. At the close Mr. Adams presented him with a handsome desk, and Mr. Clapp with a lemonade bowl.

On the first inst., Prof. Ferrin began his duties as dean and acting President, the duties of which trusts he is well qualified to perform. He came to Forest Grove in 1877, and after serving as tutor for four years was installed as professor of mathematics, which position he has held up to the present time, achieving a rare reputation for thoroughness and efficiency in all respects. He is highly esteemed by all who know him, and is in the zenith of his mental powers. The trustees, while deeply deploring the departure of President McClelland, propose to leave nothing undone to maintain the pace set by him in efficiency, and will use all efforts possible to secure a permanent successor. The prospects of the college were never brighter, and it is confidently expected that the coming year will be one of the best in its history.

Rev. Mr. Dunning has returned form his vacation at Netarts on the coast, and resumed services in the Forest Grove church to-day.

Rev. B. F. Moody, formerly the pastor of the Hillsboro church, supplied its pulpit for three weeks during the month of August. The pastor, Rev. E. P. Hughes, is having somewhat of a prolonged vacation, as he went to the Sandwich Islands on a sailing vessel. He will not return until some time in October.

The State Association will be held with the church this month, beginning on the last Tuesday. The program has been prepared and those to whom parts have been assigned have as a rule accepted. So far as can be judged at this time the prospects are good for an unusually large attendance.

Brighter skies are hovering over the Albany church. For a number of years the outlook there has been discouraging. In July Rev. R. H. Kennedy was called and he began his labors early in August, although his formal pastorate does not begin until September 1st. Unity in calling him was a noteworthy feature of the meeting for that purpose, and his methods so far have seemed to fully justify that action. The people are hopeful and seemed disposed to make a renewed effort to carry on their appropriate work. The parsonage is being refurnished and otherwise improved so as to make it a very comfortable habitation.

Rev. Mac H. Wallace, at the Eugene church, is doing a good work. The people are cordial in their support, and the outlook is very encouraging.

Regular services were resumed at the First church of this city today, but the audiences were not as large as might have been expected, as many are yet tarrying in the mountains or beside the sea, the weather being most delightful for prolonging one's vacation—that is those who have been so fortunate as to have a vacation. Mr. Ackerman gave a strong sermon, full of food for deep thought, from Gen. 1:1: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Portland, September 2, 1900.

Woman's Home Missionary Union.

The annual meeting will be held at the First church, Oakland, Thursday, September 20th: Morning session, 10:30; afternoon session, 1:30. Lunch will be served at 15 cents. Addresses will be given by old friends and some new ones. Every one is most cordially invited. Will not pastors be with us, if possible? Please send names of delegates desiring entertainment to Mrs. F. B. Perkins, 600 Seventeenth street, Oakland, not later than September 15th.

Laura T. Perkins, Secretary.

General Association of California.

The program for the approaching session of the General Association has been completed by the Provisional Committee. Three hours are devoted to brief services of prayer or praise, not including the communion service and the services preceding the Associational sermon by Rev. C. R. Brown. The subjects of papers are "Christian Nurture," (a) in relation to the children, Rev. W. H. Cross; (b) in relation to young people, Rev. C. C. Cragin, followed by discussion; "The Capen Plan," by Rev. F. B. Perkins, for Committee on Federation, followed by discussion; "Narrative of Churches," by Rev. R. H. Sink; "The Adjustment of Our Churches to New Conditions"—(a) "Religious Thought," Prof. C. S. Nash, (b) "The Twentieth Century Life," Rev. C. E. Chase; "The Relation of the Churches to Men"—(a) in the presentation of the gospel, Rev. E. W. Stoddard, (b) in respect to their own life, Rev. F. B. Cherington, (c) in respect to civic life, Rev. E. D. Weage; "The Deepening of Spiritual Life," Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Time is allowed for discussion of all these [illegible]ignment of parts eight local associations have been drawn upon. The presentation of the work of Pacific Seminary, Woman's Board, American Board and Congregational Sunday-school Society occupies Wednesday afternoon; that of the Church Building Society and Home Missionary Society Thursday evening.

The Pacific, the Woman's Home Missionary Union, claim attention part of Thursday afternoon. The organization will take place at Cloverdale, Tuesday afternoon, October 2, at 2:30, necessitating an early start from San Francisco on Tuesday morning. Boats leave San Francisco via San Rafael Ferry, over California Northwestern Railroad, at 7:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. The regular fare to Cloverdale is $3, but arrangements have been made that those holding certificates (to be sent out) countersigned by the Registrar, can return for for one-third fare. Ministers and others holding one-half permits on S. P. lines, can, on presenting them, receive same privileges on the California Northwestern line. It is of importance to take these S. P. half-fare permits along in order to secure like privileges on the line to Cloverdale, unless they have been previously secured by correspondence with officers of the R .R.

It is important, further, that churches elect delegates at an early date and notify the Committee at Cloverdale.

Many churches have delayed sending in to the Registrar the amount asked for from the General Association. The amount asked for is seven cents for each member reported last January. There ought not to be a week's delay on the part of delinquent churches.

Finally, remember that the General Association has passed this resolution: "Resolved, that on the Sunday next preceding the Annual Meeting of the California State Association special prayer be offered in all our Congregational pulpits for the divine blessing upon the sessions of this body.

H. E. Jewett, Registrar.

Berkeley.

American Historical Stories.

Those young people who are studying American history at school may be glad to know of some interesting books to read out of school hours, and in vacation time, that will make what they have studied more real and living to their minds. For instance, to those who have been interested in the famous Mayflower and her crew, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," by Longfellow, and "Standish of Standish," by Jane Austen, will tell much about their favorite characters. Motley's "Merrymount" belongs to the Puritan times, as does also Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair." The Swedes and their settlement on the Delaware are the heroes of "Two Hundred Years Ago," by Emily Reed; and "Pocahontas," by Eggleston, tells of the Virginia settlers. J. G. Holland's "The Bay Path," Longfellow's "New England Tragedies," and Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" are all interesting and accurate. Such poems as Whittier's "Mogg Magone" and "Mary Garvin," and Longfellow's beautiful "Evangeline" all belong to American history. Cooper's stories, both of the sea, as "The Admiral" and "The Red Rover," or of the West, with its trappers and Indians, as "The Deerslayer," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," "The Last of the Mohicans" and "The Prairie," are all fine books for boys to read—and girls often like them, too. The "Making of New England" and the "Making of the Great West," by Drake, and "Old Times in the Colonies," by Coffin, are also good. Thackeray's "Virginians" and Cooke's "Virginia Comedians" are for rather older readers, nearer their twenties than their teens. For the latter, Revolutionary period, Simm's "Scout," Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride," Cooper's "Spy," and "Pilot" and Henty's "True to the Old Flag" are stirring and true to history.

Among books that show American life nearer to our own times, are Hale's "Man Without a Country," Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Tourgee's "Bricks without Straw." For the Civil War, Miss Alcott's "Hospital Sketches" will be found interesting, and also Abbot's "Battlefields of '61," Coffin's "Boys of '61," "Following the Flag," and

"Redeeming the Republic"; Stoddard's "Inside the White House in War Time," "Stories of the Civil War," by Blaisdell, and Henty's "With Lee in Virginia," "From Log-cabin to White House" (Garfield), and "From Tannery to White House" (Grant), both by Thayer, and "George Washington," by Scudder, are good biographies of celebrated Presidents.

By reading such books as these, young Americans will learn how full of earnest patriotism and noble deeds each year of our history has been, since the Pilgrims, driven from home for conscience' sake, landed on the bleak shores of New England; how many exciting and stirring adventures have happened, and what fine types of men and women, in public life or in the obscurity of ordinary, every-day existence, make up our American people. From every one of these books the reader will learn how to be proud of our country, and why it is right to be proud. For the history of the United States, though yet a short one, is one of the noblest and highest in all history, and every page is crowded with the names of righteous men and earnest women who have made it great by their willing and simple heroism.—[Priscilla Leonard.

ANew Missionary Departure.

We have been greatly interested in a pamphlet sent out by the Hartford Theological Seminary, regarding what may be termed a new missionary departure. This seminary has for many years past been closely identified with the missionary enterprise. One-tenth of its graduates, it is said, have found their field of labor among unevangelized peoples. It has also been honorably prominent in the scientific study of missions. Its library is rich beyond that of any other institution upon missionary topics, numbering 75,000 books and 40,000 pamphlets bearing upon its principles, its methods and its history. Its Missionary Museum is one of the largest collections in the country. It was the pioneer in missionary lectureships. Now it contemplates an important step still in advance.

"Believing that the Church was organized to be the medium through which the life and power of Christ in the gospel may influence the lives of men," it has prepared a schedule of missionary topics, embracing a wide reach and great variety of topics, all bearing upon this theme. These topics are to form matter of instruction, covering 700 hours of every year, and so arranged, that every professor and every department will contribute to the study.

Nothing approaching this we believe has hitherto been attempted by any institution of learning. It secures the personal interest and co-operation of every instructor. It will throw light from every branch of theological science upon this central theme. It will, moreover, treat the missionary work as a co-ordinate science, to be studied scientifically, as equally essential with every other branch to the furnishing of a minister.

The effect of all this upon the future of Christian missions cannot fail to be large and beneficent. Not only the missionaries abroad, but pastors and churches at home, will be benefited thereby. The one class will be wiser and more efficient laborers; the others will be more intelligent, more sympathetic and enthusiastic supporters. And so the prospect brightens, and in the reddening heavens faith clearly discerns the sign of the Son of Man.

Seeds for Life's Springtime.

The road to heaven is full of obstacles.

True religion is imitation of Christ.

Duty is created by obligation.

Character is immortal.

He who does not know himself will make a failure of life.

Faith is cleaving to Christ.

Prompt obedience honors God.

The essence of piety is obedience to God.

Life is a series of steps.

Alum Bakng Powders in Congress.

Report That Evidence of Their Harmfulness Is Overwhelming.

The Committee on Manufactures of the Senate were some time ago directed to investigate food adulterations, and accumulated a volume of testimony upon the subject from the best informed parties and highest scientific authorities in the country.

One of the greatest sources of danger to our foods, the Committee state in their report, exists in alum baking powders. The Committee found the testimony, they say, overwhelmingly condemnatory of the use of alum in baking powders, and recommended that such use be prohibited by law.

Senator Mason, discussing in the Senate the report of the Committee and the several bills introduced to carry the recommendations of the Committe into effect, said:

"When we made this report we made it based on the evidence before us, and the evidence is simply overwhelming. I do not care how big a lobby there may be here for the alum baking powder, I do not care how many memorials they publish, there is no place in the human economy of human food for this thing called alum. The overwhelming evidence of the leading physicians and scientists of this country is that it is absolutely unfit to go into human food, and that in many cases—if the gentleman will read the evidence, some of the physicians say they can trace cases in their own practice—there are diseases of the kidney due to the perpetual use of alum in their daily bread.

"When you mix a mineral poison, as they all say that alum is, it is impossible to mix it always to such a degree that there will not be a residuum left of alum, which produces alumina, and which contributes largely to the diseases of the people in this country.

"I want to give the Senate an idea of the class of men we have called. They are the leading scientists from every college of the United States that we could get hold of.

"Senator Mason, from a long list of scientists who had testified as to the hurtfulness of alum baking powders and as to healthfulness of cream of tartar powders, mentioned the following:

"Appleton, John Howard, professor of chemistry, Brown University, Providence, R. I.

"Arnold, J. W. S., professor, University of New York.

"Atwater, W. O., professor and director, Government experimental station, Washington, D. C.

"Barker, George F., professor, University of Pennsylvania.

"Caldwell, G. C., professor, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

"Chandler, C. F., professor, Columbia University, New York.

"Chittenden, Russell H., professor, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

"Cornwall, H. B., professor University of Princeton, New Jersey.

"Crampton, C. A., professor, Division of Chemistry, Washington, D. C.

"Fairhurst, Alfred, professor, chemist, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.

"Frear, William, professor, State College, Pennsylvania.

"Jenkins Edward H., professor, department of agriculture, State of Connecticut.

"Johnson, S. W., professor, Yale College, New Haven, Conn.

"Mallet John William, professor, University of Virginia.

"Mew, W. M., professor, Army and Medical Department, United States Government.

"Morton, Henry, president of Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N. J.

"Munro, Charles Edward, professor of chemistry Columbian University, Washington D. C.

"Prescott, Albert B., professor, University of Michigan, Ann Harbor, Mich.

"Price, A. F., medical director, United States Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"Smart, Charles, lieutenant-colonel, assistant surgeon-general, United States Army.

"Sternberg, George M., Surgeon-General, United States Army. Washington, D. C.

"Tucker, Willis G., professor of chemistry and chemist of State Board of Health, State of New York.

"Vaughan, Victor C., professor, University of Michigan, Ann Harbor, Mich.

"Van Reypen, W. K., Surgeon-General, United States Navy, Washington, D. C.

"Wiley, Prof. H. W., Chief Chemist, Department of Agriculture, United States, Washington, D. C.

"Wyman, Walter, Surgeon-General United States Marine Hospital, Washington, D. C.

"Mr. Pettigrew: Was there any testimony which showed that there were cases of injury to health as a result of constant use of alum?

"Mr. Mason: Yes; I can turn you to the testimony.

"Mr. Pettigrew: I do not care to have the Senator turn to it. I simply want to emphasize the point. I agree with the Senator. It has always been my own impression that alum baking powder is injurious, but I wanted to bring it out and make it emphatic, if the proof sustains that position.

"Mr. Mason: I quite agree with the Senator. It is claimed that there is not a country in Europe that does not prohibit the use of alum. Certainly three or four of the leading countries of Europe to which I have had my attention called prohibit the use of alum in baking powder.

"Mr. Pettigrew: Did the chemists who came before the Committee, these professors, generally testify—was it the result of their evidence—that the cream of tartar baking powder is healthy and does not leave a residuum which is injurious to health?

"Mr. Mason: Yes; I say emphatically, yes; that the weight of the evidence is, that whenever any of these distinguished men, who have a national reputation, the leading chemists of the colleges, were interrogated upon the point, they stated that fact, every one of them, to my recollection."

SICK SHEEP WOULD FOLLOW.

An exchange says that Mr. Moody, who was traveling in the East, heard that there was a shepherd who still kept up the custom of calling his sheep by name. He went to the man and said:

"Let me put on your clothes, and take your crook, and I will call them, and see if they will come to me."

And so he did; and he called one sheep, "Mina, Mina"; but the whole flock ran away.

Then he said to the shepherd: "Will none of them follow me when I call them?"

The shepherd replied: "Yes, sir, some of them will; the sick sheep follow anybody."

"I'm not going to make any application," said Mr. Moody; "I leave that to you."

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new sheets are stronger and fivelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the result-ant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work"; but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight; it opens with the dawn.—Victor Hugo.

What we get out of life depends not so much upon what we do as on the motive with which we do it. We have seen men making slaves of themselves and of their families, depriving themselves of every luxury and of many of the comforts of life. What for? To make more money to use for selfish purposes and ambitions. The same kind of energy, good planning and sacrifice for the good of the race would bring them crowns in glory.

A man who intends to be more than an ape cannot afford to let his environments fix his place and determine his destiny in the world. He must choose his plans for himself, and that will bring all his faculties into exercise. It is small merit to follow the multitude; but he is a great man whose character, usefulness and genius force the multitude to follow him.

It is related that the first Chinese Minister to this country was once invited to a reception in Washington where dancing was the principal feature of the evening's entertainment. After watching the flushed and heated dancers for a while in undisguised amazement, and contrasting their violent exercise with their elegant and manifestly expensive costumes, he turned to a friend and enquired: "Why do they do that hard work? Can they not afford to hire some one to do it for them?"—[From "The Real Chinaman."

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by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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A GREAT TRUTH.

All organized living things, whether belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdom contain within themselves the germs of death and decay.

Germs of disease are often generated within the human system through imperfect digestion of food, producing various poisons which scientists have denominated *ptomaines*. A stomach weakened by abuse, gorged with over eating or over burdened with hot bread, too rich or greasy foods or those too highly seasoned, becomes weakened and fails to thoroughly digest the food. A heavy, sodden mass is accumulated in the stomach to ferment as the first step in its decay, giving off foul gasses to distend the stomach, and poison the blood, until it becomes thin, weak and lacking in the red corpuscles so necessary to perfect health.

The over distended stomach presses upon the heart, and the latter organ is also disturbed through sympathy, the same system of nerves being distributed to both organs. Thus palpitation and irregular action of the heart with its attendant shortness of breath, result, and in time, disease of the heart itself is established.

The gases and other poisons generated from undigested, fermenting and decaying food in the stomach becloud the brain, causing headaches, and pain in the eyes.

Being absorbed into the blood these poisons reach every part and organ of the system. The kidneys are thereby poisoned, causing Bright's disease and diabetes. Filtering through the skin, troublesome skin diseases often show themselves.

Every organ and every nerve, depending as they do for their nourishment and renewal upon the stomach, weak digestion shows itself not alone in loss of appetite and flesh, but also in nervousness, debility, bad complexion and many other derangements.

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SURE THINGS.

A young man asked his companion, "Don't you often pause and reflect on the uncertainties of life?"

"No, no; I'm too busy lookin after the certainties. It takes a my time to keep track of the *sur* things."

There are many uncertaintie which we are not able to forecas but there are many present dutie which should be performed eac day in which there can be no u certainties.